

CHAMBERS'S
READINGS
IN
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A
COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS FROM THE BEST WRITERS

From the Earliest Times to 1860

WITH
Biographical Notices and Explanatory Notes



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PREFACE

THIS work forms a suitable companion to such manuals as the *History of the English Language and Literature* in Chambers's Educational Course,¹ and is designed as a Reading-Book for upper classes in Schools, and for general use.

It consists of (1) *An Introduction*, containing a series of short specimens from the early English writers, in prose and poetry, illustrative of the progress of the English language from the earliest times to 1558 A D , (2) *Readings in English Prose*, a collection of specimens from the works of our best prose writers, from A D. 1558 to 1860 , and (3) *Readings in English Poetry*, a collection of specimens from the works of our best poets, from A D. 1558 to 1860.

The Readings are arranged in chronological order, and are introduced by a short biographical notice of each author. The foot-notes contain explanations of difficulties in the text, and meanings of words not found in a school-dictionary

¹ *History of the English Language and Literature* Edited by
‡ Chambers, LL D 304 pages, price 2s.

PREFACE.

Detailed Tables of Contents, Lists of Writers and Subjects classified, and an Alphabetical Index of Authors are prefixed to the volume. A General Index will be found at the end.

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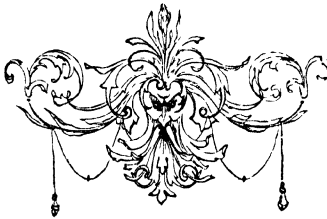


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READINGS
IN
ENGLISH PROSE

SPECIMENS OF **ENGLISH WRITERS** **From the earliest times to 1558**

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.—A D. 449—1066.

CÆDMON died A D. 680.

Cædmon, a monk of Whitby, was the first Anglo-Saxon of note who composed in his own language. He wrote several poems on religious subjects.

From *The Creation*

Nu we sceolan herian
 heofon-rices weard,
 metodes mihte,
 and his mod-ge-thenc,
 wera wuldor fæder !
 swa he wundra ge-ð wæs,
 ece dryhten,
 oord onstealde.
 He ærest ge-sceop
 ylða bearnum
 heofon to hofe,
 halg scyppend !
 tha middan-geard
 mon-cynnes weard,
 ece dryhten,
 æfter teode,
 fram foldan,
 trea ælmihtig !

Now we shall praise
 the guardian of heaven,
 the might of the creator,
 and his counsel,
 the glory-father of men !
 how he of all wonders,
 the eternal lord,
 formed the beginning
 He first created
 for the children of men
 heaven as a roof,
 the holy creator !
 then the world
 the guardian of mankind,
 the eternal lord,
 produced afterwards,
 the earth for men,
 the almighty master !

KING ALFRED: 849—901.

Alfred translated from the Latin the historical works of Orosius and Bede, and some religious and moral treatises.

From his translation of Boethius's work *On The Consolation of Philosophy*.

Fela spella him sædon tha Beormas, ægther ge of hyra agenum lande ge of thæm lande the ymb hy utan wæron; ac he nyste hwæt thæs sothes wær, for-thæm he hit sylf ne geseah. Tha Finnas him thuhte, and tha Beormas spræcon neah an getheode. Swiðost he for thyder, to-eacan thæs landes sceawunge, for thæm hors-hwælum, for-thæm hi habbath swyðe æðele ban on hyra tothum, tha teth hy brohton sume thæm cynninge and hyra hyd bith swyðe god to scip-rapum. Se hwæl bith micle læssa ðonne oðre hwalas, ne bith he lengra ðonne syfan elna lang; ac on his agnum lande is se betsta hwæl-huntath, tha beoð eahta and feowertiges elna lange, and tha mæstan fiftiges elna lange, thara he sæde thæt he syxa sum ofsloge syxtig on twam dagum. He was swyðe spedig man on thæm sætum the heora speda on beoð, thæt is on wild-deorum

Many things him told the Beormas, both of their own land and of the land that around them about were; but he wist not what (of-) the sooth was, for-that he it self not saw. The Finns him thought, and the Beormas spoke nigh one language. Chiefliest he fared thither, besides the land's seeing, for the horse whales, for-that they have very noble bones in their teeth, these teeth they brought some (to-) the king and their hide is very good for ship-ropes. This whale is much less than other whales, not is he longer than seven ells long, but in his own land is the best whale-hunting, they are eight and forty ells long, and the largest fifty ells long, (of-) these he said that he (of-) six some slew sixty in two days. He was (a) very wealthy man in the ownings that their wealth is, that is in wild-deer.

ALFRIC, Archbishop of Canterbury. died 1006.

Alfric wrote a collection of homilies, a translation of the first seven books of the Bible and some religious treatises.

From his *Paschal Homily*

Hæthen cild bith ge-fullod, ac hit ne bræt na his hiw with-utan, dheah dhe hit beo with-innan awend. Hit bith ge-broht synfull dhurh Adames for-gædnyse to tham fant fate. Ac hit bith athwogen fram eallum synnum with-innan, dheah dhe hit with-utan his hiw ne awende. Eac swyðe tha halige fant wæter, dhe is ge-haten lifes wyl-spring, is ge-lic on hiwe odhrum wæterum, & is under dheod brosnunge; ac dhæs halgan gastes milt ge-nealæcth tham brosnigendheum wætere, dhurh sacerda bletsunge, & hit mæg sythan lichaman & sawle athwean fram eallum synnum, dhurh gastlice wihte.

(A) heathen child is christened, yet he altereth not his shape without, though he be within changed. He is brought sinful through Adam's disobedience to the font-vessel. But he is washed from all sins inwardly, though he outwardly his shape not change. Even so the holy font water, which is called life's fountain, is like in shape (to) other waters, and is subject to corruption, but the Holy Ghost's might comes (to) the corruptible water through (the) priests' blessing, and it may afterwards body and soul wash from all sin, through ghostly might.

SEMI-SAXON PERIOD.—1066—1250.

From *The Saxon Chronicle*, 1154, a compilation of monastic registers from the time of Alfred to 1154.

On this yær wærd the King Stephen ded, and bebyried there his wif and his sune wæron bebyried æt Tauresfeld. That minstre hi makiden. Tha the king was ded, tha was the eorl beionde sæ. And ne durste nan man don other bute god for the micel eie of him. Tha he to Engleland come, tha was he underfangen mid micel wortscepe; and to king bletcæd in Lundine, on the Sunnen dæi beforen mid-winter-dæi

In this year was the King Stephen dead, and buried where his wife and his son were buried, at Touresfield. That minster they made. When the king was dead, then was the earl beyond sea. And not durst no man do other but good for the great awe of him. When he to England came, then was he received with great worship; and to king consecrated in London, on the Sunday before mid-winter-day (Christmas-day)

LAYAMON: between 1155 and 1200

Layamon, a monk, wrote a metrical English translation of *Le Brut d'Angleterre* (Brutus of England), a French poem by Wace, a native of Jersey. The translation was composed about the time when the Saxons and Normans began to adopt a common language.

ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT KING ARTHUR'S CORONATION.

From his translation of Wace's *Brut d'Angleterre*

Tha the king igeten hafde
And al his mon-weorede,
Tha bugan out of burhge
Theines swithen balde
Alle tha kinges,
And heore here-thringes.
Alle tha biscopes,
And alle tha clarcles,
Alle the eorles,
And alle tha beornes
Alle tha theines,
Alle the sweines,
Feire iscrudde,
Helde geond felde
Summe heo gunnen æruen,
Summe heo gunnen urnen,
Summe heo gunnen lepen,
Summe heo gunnen sceoten,
Summe heo wræstleden
And wither-gome makeden,
Summe heo on velde
Pleouweden under scolde,
Summe heo driven balles
Wide geond the felde.
Moni ane kunnes gomen
Ther heo gunnen drinen.

When the king eaten had
And all his multitude of attendants,
Then fled out of the town
The people very quickly.
All the kings,
And their throngs of servants.
All the bishops,
And all the clerks,
All the earls,
And all the barons.
All the thanes,
All the swains,
Fairly dressed,
Held (their way) through the fields
Some they began to discharge arrows
Some they began to run,
Some they began to leap,
Some they began to shoot (darts),
Some they wrestled
And made wither-games,¹
Some they on field
Played under shield,
Some they drive balls
Wide over the fields
Many a kind of game
There they gan urge.

¹ Games of emulation.

OLD ENGLISH PERIOD.—1250—1558.

From a *Proclamation of Henry III.*, A.D. 1258.

Henry, thurg Godes fultome, King on Engleneloande, lhoard on Yiloand, Duke on Normand, on Acquitain, Earl on Anjou, send I greting, to alle hise holde, ilærde & lewerde on Huntingdonschiere.

That witen ge well alle, thæt we willen & unnen thæt ure rædesmen alle other, the moare del of heom, thæ beoth ichosen thurg us and thurg thæt loandes-folk on ure Kuneriche, habbith idon, and schullen don, in the worthnes of God, and ure throwthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg the besigte of than toforen iseide rædesmen, beo stedfast and lestinde in alle thinge abutan ænde, and we heaten alle ure treowe, in the treowthe thæt heo us oge, thet heo stede-fesliche healden & weren to healden & to swerien the isetnesses thet beon makede and beo to makien, thurg than toforen iseide rædesmen, &c.

Henry, through God's support, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, of Acquitain, Earl of Anjou, sends greeting, to all his subjects, learned and unlearned,¹ of Huntingdonshire.

This know ye well, all, that we will and grant, what our counsellors all or the more part of them, that be chosen through us and through the land-folk of our kingdom, have done, and shall do, to the honour of God, and our allegiance, for the good of the land, through the determination of those beforesaid counsellors, be steadfast and permanent in all things without end, and we enjoin all our lieges, by the allegiance that they us owe, that they steadfastly hold and swear to hold and to maintain the ordinances that be made, and be to be made through the beforesaid counsellors, &c

ROBERT, a monk of Gloucester Abbey.

From his *Rhyming Chronicle*, written about the close of the 13th century.

Thus come lo! Engelande into Nor-
mannes honde,
And the Normans ne couthe speke
tho bote her owe speche,
And speke French as dude atom, and
here chyldeu dude al so teche;
So that hey men of this lond, that of
her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hi
of hem nome
Vor bote a man couthe French me
tolth of hym wel lute,
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss and
to her kunde speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world
contreyes none
That ne holdeth to her kunde speche
bot Engeland one
Ac wel me wot vor to conne both
wel yt ys;
Vor the more that a man con, the
more worth he ys.

Thus came lo! England into Nor-
mans' hand,
And the Normans not could speak
then but their own speech,
And spake French as did at home, and
their children did all so teach;
So that high men of this land, that
of their blood come,
Hold all the same speech that they
of them took
For but a man know French men
tell of him well little,
But low men hold to English and to
their natural speech yet
I wene there not be man in world
countries none
That not holdeth to their natural
speech but England one (only).
But well I wot for to know both
well it is;
For the more that a man knows, the
more worth he is.

¹ Clergy and laity.

ROBERT LONGLANDE.

Longlande, a priest or monk, wrote (about 1360) a long poem, *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*, a series of visions, in describing which the poet satirises the vices of the time, particularly those of the clergy.

From *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*.

Thus yrobed in russet, I romed me aboute
 Al a somer seson, for to seche Dowel¹
 And frayed ful ofte,² of folk that I mette
 If eny wightte wiste, where Dowel was at inne,³
 And what man he myghtte be, of many men I askid,
 Was never wyghtte as I wente, that me wyse couthe⁴
 Where this leed logged,⁵ lasse other more,⁶
 Til hit bifel on Friday, two freris⁷ I mette
 Maistris of the menours,⁸ men of gret witte,
 I halsed hem hendeliche,⁹ as I hadde lerned
 And preied hem per charite, er thei passeden ferther
 If thei knewen eny countreye or coostes as thei wente
 Wher that Dowell dwellyth.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE: 1300—1372.

Sir John Mandeville, after he had been educated for the profession of medicine, spent thirty-four years in travelling in eastern countries, and on his return to England wrote a *Narrative of his Travels*, which is the oldest book in English prose.

From his *Account of a Conversation with the Sultan of Egypt*.

From his *Travels*, written in 1356.

And therefore I shalle telle you what the Soudan tolde me upon a day, in his chambre. He leet voyden out of his chambre alle maner of men, lordes, and othere; for he wolde speke with me in conselle. And there he askede me, how the Cristene men governed hem in oure contree. And I seyde him, righte wel, thonked be God. And he seyde, treulyche¹⁰ nay; for ye Cristene men ne recthen righte noghte¹¹ how untrewly to serve God. Ye sholde geven ensample to the lewed peple for to do wel, and ye geven hem ensample to don evylle. For the Comownes, upon festyfulle¹² dayes, whan thei sholden gon to Chirche to serve God, than gon thei to Tavernes, and ben there in glotony, alle the day and alle nyghte, and eten and drynkon, as Bestes that have no resoun, and wite not whan thei have y now.¹³ . . . Thei sholden ben symple, meke and trewe, and fulle of Almes dede, as Jhesu was, in whom thei trowe, but thei ben alle the contrarie, and evere enclyned to the Evylle, and to don evylle.

¹ To seek Do-Well ² Inquired full often.
³ This had lived ⁶ Less or more. ⁷ Friars
¹⁰ Truly. ¹¹ Not reckon right not.

³ Lived. ⁴ Could inform me.
⁸ Minors. ⁹ I saluted them civilly.
¹² Festival. ¹³ Enough.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: 1328-1400.

Chaucer, the father of English poetry, flourished at the courts of Edward III and Richard II. He served under the former in his French campaign, and during both reigns was repeatedly employed in embassies and other business connected with the public service. He died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His chief work is *The Canterbury Tales*, a series of narratives related by a company of pilgrims to eliven their journey to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. The tales, of which two are in prose, present a wonderful picture of English life in the 14th century.

From *The Canterbury Tales*.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

With him ther was a Ploughman, his brothur,	
That haddē <i>i</i> lad of dong, ful many a fothur.	<i>carried, cart-load</i>
A trewe <i>swynker</i> and a good was hee,	<i>labourer</i>
Lyvyngē in pees and parficht charitee.	
God loved he best with al his trewe herte	
At alle tymes, though him gained or smerte,	
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve	
He wold <i>threisshe</i> , and therto <i>dyke</i> and delve,	<i>thresh, dig</i>
For Cristes sake, with every pore wight,	
Withouten huyre, if it laye in his might	
His tythes payede he ful faire and wel,	
<i>Bathe</i> of his owne <i>swynk</i> and his catel	<i>both, labour</i>
In a <i>tabbard</i> he rood upon a mere.	<i>loose frock</i>

THE MILLER

The mellere was a stout carl for the nones,	<i>occasion</i>
Ful big he was of braun, and <i>eek</i> of boones,	<i>also</i>
That <i>prevede</i> wel, for over al ther ¹ he cam,	<i>proved</i>
At wrastlyngē he wolde bere away the ram ²	
He was schort schuldred, broode, a thikke <i>knarre</i> ,	<i>knot</i>
Ther n'as no dore that he n'olde heve of baite, ³	
Or breke it with a rennyng with his heed	
His berd as ony sowe or fox was reed,	
And therto brood, as though it were a spade	
Upon the <i>cop</i> right of his nose he hade	<i>top</i>
A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heies,	
Reede as the berstles of a souwes eeres	
His <i>nose-thurles</i> blake were and wyde	<i>nostrils</i>
A swerd and a boeler baar he by his side,	
His mouth as wyde was as a gret <i>forneys</i>	<i>furnace</i>
Wel cowde he stele corn, and tollē thrise, ⁴	
And yet he had a thombe of gold ⁵ <i>pardé</i>	<i>(an oath)</i>
A wlight cote and blewe hood wered he.	
A baggepipe cowde he blowe and sowne,	
And therwithal he brought us out of towne.	

¹ All (genitive case plural of *all*)

² The usual prize at wrestling-matches.

³ There was no door that he could not raise the bar of. ⁴ Toll thrice. In addition to the money payment for grinding corn, millers are allowed a 'toll' of 4 lbs. out of every sack of flour.

⁵ He was as honest as other millers, though he had a thumb of gold, according to the old proverb, *Every honest miller has a thumb of gold*

From *The Tale of Melibeus*.

A yong man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, bygat upon his wif, that called was Prudens, a doughter which that called was Sophia. Upon a day byfel, that for his desport he is went into the felde to play. His wif and his doughter eek¹ hath he laft within his hous, of which the dores were fast i-schitte². Thre of his olde foos³ han it espyed, and setten laddres to the walles of his hous, and by the wyndowes ben entred, and betyn his wyf, and woundid his doughter with fyve mortal woundes, in fyve sondry places, that is to sayh, in here feet, in here hondes, in here eeres, in here nose, and in here mouth; and lafte her for deed, and went away.

Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and seigh⁴ al this mischief, he, lik a man mad, rendyng his clothes, gan wepe and crie. Prudens his wyf, as ferforth⁵ as sche dorste, bysought him of his wepyng to stynte⁶. But not forthi⁷ he gan to crie ever lenger the more

JOHN GOWER: 1325-1408.

Gower was the friend of Chaucer, and is said to have been a lawyer, attached to the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of King Richard II. His chief poem is *Confessio Amantis*, or *Lover's Confession*.

From the *Confessio Amantis*.

ROSIPHELE.

Whan come was the moneth of Maie,
 She wolde walke upon a daie,
 And that was er the son arist,⁸
 Of women but a fewe it wist,⁹
 And forth she went prively,
 Unto a parke was faste by,
 All softe walkende on the grass,
 Tyll she came there the launde was,
 Through which ran a great rivere;
 It thought her fayre, and said, here
 I will abide under the shawe,¹⁰
 And bade hir women to withdrawe.
 And ther she stood alone stille,
 To thinke what was in her wille;
 She sighe¹¹ the swete floures sprynge,
 She herde glad fowles synge,
 She sighe beastes in her¹² kynde,
 The buck, the doo,¹³ the hert,¹⁴ the hynde,
 The males go with the femele;
 And so began there a quarele¹⁵
 Betwene love and her owne herte,
 Fro whiche she couthe not asterte.¹⁶

¹ Also ² Shut.³ Ere the sun arose.⁴ Their. ⁵ Doe.⁶ Foes ⁷ Saw.⁸ But a few of her women knew of it.⁹ Hart. ¹⁰ Dispute¹¹ Far forth.¹² Cease.¹³ Therefore.¹⁴ Grove.¹⁵ Saw.¹⁶ Escape.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE 1324—1384.

Wycliffe was professor of divinity in Balliol College, Oxford. He is distinguished by his efforts to reform religion in England and by his translation of the Bible into English, for which reasons he has been termed 'The Morning-Star of the English Reformation.'

THE MAGNIFICAT. From his *Translation of the Bible*.

And Marye seyde · My soul magnifieth the Lord
 And my spyrȝ hath gladid in God myn helthe
 For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his handmayden · for lo for this
 alle generatiouns schulen seye that I am blessid
 For he that is mighti hath don to me grete things, and his name is holy
 And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to men that dreden him
 He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the
 thoughte of his herte
 He sette down myghty men fro seete, and enhaunsid meke men. He
 hath fulfilled hungry men with goodis, and he has left riche men voide.
 He heuynge mynde of his mercy took up Israel his child.
 As he hath spokun to oure fadris, to Abraham, and to his seed into
 worlds

JOHN BARBOUR, Scottish Poet: died 1395.

Barbour was archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1356. His only existing work is *The Bruos*, a narrative poem relating the adventures of King Robert Bruce, written about 1378.

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM. From *The Bruce*.

A ! fredome is a nobill thing !
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking !
 Fredome all solace to man giffis :
 He levys at ese that frely levys !
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him plesse,
 Gyff fredome failthe for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing
 Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht know well the propyrtie,
 The angry, na the wrechynt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome
 Bot gyff he had assaynt it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt,
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 Than all the gold in warld that is.

Ah ! Freedom is a noble thing !
 Freedom makes man to have liking !
 Freedom all solace to man gives :
 He lives at ease that freely lives !
 A noble heart may have none ease,
 Nor else nought that may him please,
 If freedom faileth for free liking
 Is yearned over all other thing.
 Nor he, that aye has lived free,
 May not know well the property,
 The anger, nor the wretched doom,
 That is coupled to foul thraldom
 But if he had assayed it,
 Then all perquer¹ he should it wit,²
 And should think freedom more to
 prize
 Than all the gold in world that is.

¹ Perfectly.² Know

KING JAMES I of Scotland. 1394 1437.

James, while in captivity in England, became proficient in all the learning of the English court. His chief poem is *The King's Quhair* (Quire or Book), the subject of which is his love for Lady Joan Beaufort whom he afterwards married.

From *The King's Quhair*.

Now was there made, fast by the <i>touris</i> wall,	<i>Tower's</i>
A garden fair, and in the corners set	
Ane <i>herbere</i> green, with wandis long and <i>small</i>	<i>arbour</i>
Railed about, and so with treis set	
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,	
That lyf was none walking there forby,	
That might within scarce any wight espy,	

So thick the <i>bewis</i> and the leves green	<i>boughs</i>
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,	
And <i>myddis</i> every herber might be seen	<i>in midst of</i>
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,	
Growing so fair with branches here and there,	
That as it seemed to a lyf without,	
The bewis spread the herbere all about.	

And on the smalle greene <i>twistis</i> sate	<i>twigs</i>
The little sweet nightingale, and sung	
So loud and clear, the <i>ympnis</i> consecrate	<i>hymns</i>
Of <i>lyfis</i> use, now soft, now loud among,	<i>love's</i>
That all the gardens and the wallis rung	
Right of then song.	

JOHN LYDGATE : about 1430.

Lydgate was a monk of Bury. Of his numerous poems, the principal are *The History of Thebes*, *The Fall of Princes*, and *The Destruction of Troy*.

DESCRIPTION OF A SYLVAN RETREAT

From *The Destruction of Troy*.

Tyll at the last, amonge the bowes glade,	
Of adventure, I caught a plesaunt shade ;	
Ful smothe, and playn, and lusty for to sene,	
And softe as velvette was the yonge grene	
Where from my hors I did alight as fast,	
And on a bowe aloft his reyne cast	
So faynte and <i>mate</i> of werynesse I was,	<i>dejected</i>
That I me layd adowne upon the gras,	
Upon a brincke, shortly for to telle,	
Besyde the river of a cristall wellle ;	
And the water, as I reherse can,	
Like quicke sylver in his streames y-ran,	
Of which the gravell and the brighte stone,	
As any golde, agaynst the sun y-shone.	

WILLIAM DUNBAR, Scottish Poet: 1465–1520.

Dunbar spent some of his early years as a mendicant friar, but was afterwards employed at the court of James IV. He has been styled 'The Chaucer of Scotland,' and placed by Sir Walter Scott at the head of Scottish poets. His chief poems are *The Thistle and the Rose*, a nuptial-song on the union of James and the Princess Margaret, *The Golden Terge*, and *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*.

IRE

From The Daunce of the Seven Deadly Sinns.

Than YRE came in with sturt¹ and stryfe,
 His hand was ay upon his knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a beir,²
 Boastaris, braggarists, and barganeris,³
 Efter hym, passit in pairis,
 All bodin in feir of weir,⁴
 In jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steil,
 Thair leggis wer cheyned to the heill,
 Frawart was thair affeir.⁵
 Sum upon uder with brands beft,⁶
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,⁷
 With knyvis that scheip coud scheir.⁸

GAVIN DOUGLAS, Scottish Poet. 1474–1522.

Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, is celebrated for his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. He wrote also two allegorical poems, *King Hart*, and *The Palace of Honour*. Douglas's language is remarkable for the number of words it contains derived from the Latin.

SUNRISE.

From his Translation of Virgil's Æneid

Quhil schortlie, with the blesand¹⁰ torche of day,
 Abulzeit¹¹ in his lemand¹² fresche array,
 Furth of his palice ryall ischt¹³ Phebus,
 With golden crown and visage glorious,
 Crisp harris, bricht as chrissolite or thopas,
 For quhais hew mycht nane behold his face.
 The fire sparkis brasting from his ene,¹⁴
 To purge the air, and gilt the tender grene.
 The auriat phanis¹⁵ of his trone soverane
 With glitterand glance overspred the octiane;¹⁶
 The largé fludis, lemand all of licht
 Bot with ane blenk of his supernal sicht.

¹ Disturbance ² Brandished like a bear. ³ Boasters, braggarts, and bargainers
⁴ Arrayed in feature of war. ⁵ In coats-of-mail and helmets. ⁶ Froward was their
look ⁷ With swords struck. ⁸ Cut others to the hilt. ⁹ Sharp could cut.
¹⁰ Blazing ¹¹ Clothed ¹² Flaming ¹³ Issued. ¹⁴ Eyes. ¹⁵ Vanes ¹⁶ Ocean.

SIR THOMAS MORE: 1480-1535.

Sir Thomas More became Lord Chancellor of England in 1529. He was a devoted adherent of the Catholic faith and a man of great learning and talent. He incurred the displeasure of Henry VIII by his opposition to the divorce of Queen Katherine, and perished on the scaffold. His chief works are *Utopia*, or scheme of a moral republic, and a *History of Edward V, and of his Brother, and of Richard III.*

LETTER TO LADY MORE,

On hearing that his barns, and some of those of his neighbours, had been
burned down

MAISTRES ALYCE, in my most hartly wise I recommend me to you; and whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the losse of our barnes and of our neighbours also, with all the corn that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked hym to sende us such a chaunce, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitacion. He sente us all that we have loste: and sith he hath by such a chaunce taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge ther at, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him, as well for adversitie as for prosperitie. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse, then for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for vs then we do our selves. Therfore I pray you be of good chere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thanke God, both for that he hath given us, and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please hym he can encrease when he will. And if it please hym to leave us yet lesse, at his pleasure be it.

I pray you to make some good ensearche what my poore neighbours have loste, and bid them take no thought therfore: for and I shold not leave myself a sponse, there shal no pore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chaunce happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and your household merry in God. And devise some what with your frendes, what waye wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our household, and for sede thys yere comming, if ye thinke it good that we kepe the ground stil in our handes. And whether ye think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme till we have somewhat advised us thereon. How beit if we have more nowe then ye shall nede, and which can get them other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were sodenly sent away he wote nere wether.

At my comming hither I perceived none other but that I shold tary still with the Kinges Grace. But now I shal (I think) because of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you. and then shall we further devyse together uppon all thinges, what order shal be best to take. And thus as hartely fare you well with all our children as ye can wishe. At Woodestok the thirde daye of Septembre by the hand of

your louing husbnde,

THOMAS MORE Knight.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey: 1517-1547.

Henry Howard was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk. During his travels in Italy he studied the great poets of that country, and formed his own style upon theirs. He was the first who wrote English *Sonnets*, and in his translations from Virgil's *Æneid* he gave the earliest known specimen of *blank verse*. Surrey was a distinguished soldier as well as a poet. He finally fell under the displeasure of Henry VIII., and was beheaded.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,	<i>sweet</i>
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,	<i>also</i>
The nightingale with fethers new she sings,	
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale.	<i>mate</i>
Somer is come, for every spray now springs.	
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale,	
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings,	
The fishes flete with new repayred scale,	
The adder all her slough away she flings,	
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale,	
The busy bee her hony now she mings,	<i>mingles</i>
Winter is worn that was the flowers bale	<i>destruction</i>
And thus I see among these pleasant things	
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.	

WILLIAM TYNDALE: died 1536.

Tyndale, a clergyman of great learning and piety, having imbibed the opinions of the reformers, found it necessary for his safety to retire to the continent, where he completed his translation of the New Testament, which was printed at Antwerp. He also translated the first five books of the Old Testament. Being apprehended for heresy, he was strangled, and burned at Antwerp.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

From his *Translation of the New Testament*, 1526

And Mary sayde My soule magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my Savioure.

For he hath loked on the povre degre off his honde mayden Beholde now from hens forthe shall all generacions call me blessed.

For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name:

And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.

He hath shewed strengthe with his arme; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes

He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalted them of lowe degre.

He hath filled the hongry with goode thinges, and hath sent away the ryche empty.

He hath remembred mercy, and hath holpen his servaunt Israel.

Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed for ever.

OLD ENGLISH.

HUGH LATIMER: died 1555.

Latimer is famous as a zealous leader of the English Reformation. He became Bishop of Worcester in 1535. When the Act of the Six Articles was passed, he resigned his bishopric. During the reign of Edward VI he was popular at court as a preacher, but on the restoration of popery in Mary's reign he was, after an imprisonment of sixteen months, and when upwards of eighty years of age, burned at the stake along with Bishop Ridley. His *Sermons* are remarkable for a familiarity and drollery of style which was highly popular in his time.

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

From a Sermon preached in 1552.

But I pray you to whome was the nativitie of Christ first opened, to the Bishoppes or great Lordes which were at that time at Bethleem? or to those iolly damsels with their fardingales, with their round aboutes? or with their bracelets No, no, they had so many lettes to trimme and dresse theselves so that they coulde have no tyme to heare of the nativitie of Chryst, theyr myndes were so occupied otherwise that they were not allowed to heare of them. But his nativitie was revealed first to the shepheardes, and it was revealed vnto them in the night tyme when every body was at rest, thē they heard this ioyfull tidinges of the Saviour of the World; for these shepheardes were keeping theyr sheep in the night season from the Wolfe or other beastes, and from the Foxe: for the sheepe in that countrey do lambe two tymes in the yeaere, and therefore it was needefull for the sheep to have a shepheard to keep thē. And here note the diligence of these shepheardes for whether the sheepe were theyr owne, or whether they were servaunts, I cannot tell. for it is not expressed in the booke, but it is most lyke they were servautes, and theyr maysters had put them in trust to keepe theyr sheepe. Now if these shepheardes hadde bene deceitfull fellowes, that when theyr maysters had put them in trust to keepe theyr sheepe, they had bene drinking in y^e alehouse all night as some of our servaunts do now a dayes, surely the Aungell had not appeared vnto them to have tolde them this great ioy and good tidinges. And here all servaunts may learne by these shepheards to serve truely and diligently vnto their maisters, in what busines soever they are set to doe let them be paynefull and diligent like as Jacob was vnto his maister Laban O what a paynefull, faythfull, and trustye man was he: he was day and night at his worke, keeping his sheep truely, as he was put in trust to doe, and when any chance happened that any thing was lost, he made it good and restored it agayne of his owne. So likewise was Eleazarus a paynfull man, a faythfull and trustye servaunt. Suche a servaunt was Joseph in Egypt to his mayster Potiaphar. So likewise was Daniell vnto hys maister the King. But I pray you where are these servautes now a dayes? In deede I feare me there bee but very few of such faythfull servautes.

ROGER ASCHAM: 1515—1568.

Ascham was university orator at Cambridge, at one time tutor, and afterwards Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote *The Scholemaster*, the first important work on education in our language, and *Toxophilus* (a lover of archery), an essay on the importance of mixing recreation with study.

ANECDOTE OF LADY JANE GREY

From *The School Master*

One example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report: which maie be hard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Lecetershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and the Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntunge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge Phædon Platonis¹ in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som gentleman wold read a merie tale in Bocace.² After salutation, and dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me. I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas good folke, they never felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you unto it: seinge, not many women, but verie fewe men have attained thereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites, that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so gentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowyng, playyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfetlie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so gentlie, so pleasanthe, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soever I do els, but learning, is ful of gref, trouble, feare, and whole nusliking unto me. And thus my booke hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me. I remember this talke gladly, both because it is so worthy of memorie, and because also, it was the last talke that ever I had, and the last tyme that ever I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

¹ Plato's *Phædo*, a dialogue on the immortality of the soul.

² Boccaccio, an Italian poet, and the father of Italian prose, celebrated as the author of the *Decameron*, a series of little tales.

PROSE WRITERS. 1558-1649

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 1554-1586

Sidney was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Queen Elizabeth. His prose romance, *Arcadia*, was the favourite light reading of the court ladies, and he himself was the most popular man of his day. He distinguished himself as a soldier in the war in the Netherlands, and died of a wound received at the battle of Zutphen.

A STAG-HUNT. From *Arcadia*

THEN went they together abroad, the good Kalanders¹ entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber-delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deers feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourself in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness, too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was changed since his youth; activity and good-

¹ Guide

fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in ; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known ; and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty ; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault ; and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive. the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging ; but even his feet betrayed him ; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisements, sometimes the view of—their faithful counsellors—the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters ; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter.¹ But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair ; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay : as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

¹ Ovid relates that the nymph Echo, having deceived Hera, the wife of Zeus, the supreme god of the Greeks, was changed by her into an echo, a being without any control over its tongue. In this state she fell in love with a youth named Narcissus, and, her love not being returned, she pined away in grief till nothing remained of her but her voice

RICHARD HOOKER: 1553-1600.

Hooker was a clergyman of the English Church, distinguished for his learning and piety. His book on *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, a defence of the church against the Puritans, is a master-piece of reasoning and eloquence, and is one of our greatest works.

OF LAW. From *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable; and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general.

All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained

were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God : ‘ God said, let there be light ; let there be a firmament ; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place ; let the earth bring forth ; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven.’ Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God’s power by the easiness of His accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour ? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary Agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him ; secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature’s law. This world’s first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural ? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto, even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world. since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. ‘ He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.’ Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws ; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have ; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself ; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen ; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself ; if the moon should wander from her beaten way ; the tines and seasons

of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture ; the winds breathe out their last gasp ; the clouds yield no rain ; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence ; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief ; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve ? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world ?

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God ; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy

SIR WALTER RALEIGH · 1552-1618.

Raleigh's early years were spent in foreign wars. In 1580 he gained the favour of Queen Elizabeth by his prompt suppression of a rebellion in Ireland. He conducted several important nautical expeditions, some of which were designed for the colonisation of Virginia. On the accession of James I., he was unjustly condemned for high treason, and confined in the Tower for fourteen years, during which time he wrote his famous *History of the World*. Having designed an expedition to South America, he was allowed to proceed upon it. It proved a failure, and Raleigh on his return was beheaded.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ. From *History of the World*.

After such time as Xerxes had transported the army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace—leaving the description of his passage amongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece—I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part

ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeatæ and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 100 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces—such as they were—of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that in the first day's fight Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men, whom not long before he had utterly despised; and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runaway Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost enclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue¹ of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus. 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

¹ Bravery

FRANCIS BACON: 1561–1626.

Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England, Baron Verulam, and latterly Viscount St Albans, is the greatest of England's prose writers. He wrote upon history and law, the advancement of learning, and nearly all matters relating to the cultivation of mind. His most important work is *The Instauration of the Sciences*, but of all his productions his *Essays* are the most generally read. In no other writer is so much splendid thought to be found expressed in such admirable language

OF STUDIES From his *Essays*.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business ; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar, they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man ; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth

not. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave , logic and rhetoric, able to contend . ‘Abeunt studia in mores’ [‘Studies influence the manners’] ; nay, there is no stond¹ or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies , like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises—bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like ; so, if a man’s wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are ‘*cummi sectores*’ [‘dividers of cummin seed’],² if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers’ cases—so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

OF DISCOURSE

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true ; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common-places and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety ; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion ; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest , for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it . namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man’s present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity ; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick ; that is a vein which would be bridled .

Parce puer stimulis, et fortius utere loris.

[Boy, spare the spurs, and firmly use the reins.]

¹ Stand.

² Hair-splitters.

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saithness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others'.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content himself, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the person whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge, but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser, and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. May, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and bring others on, as musicians used to do with those that dance too long galliards.¹ If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn 'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself,' and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with a good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house, the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table 'Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?' To which the guest would answer 'Such and such a thing passed.' The lord would say: 'I thought he would mar a good dinner.' Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeable to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shews slowness, and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter, is wearisome, to use none at all, is blunt.

¹ Lively dances, much in use in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

JOSEPH HALL. 1574-1656.

Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was distinguished for his defence of Episcopacy during the ascendancy of the Presbyterians. He wrote a variety of sermons, meditations, and controversial tracts, the most popular of which are his *Occasional Meditations and Characters of Virtues and Vices*. From the pithy and sententious character of his style he has been called 'The English Seneca.'

THE HYPOCRITE. From *The Characters of Virtues and Vices*.

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part ; which hath always two faces, oftentimes two hearts that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the meantime, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul ; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note ; when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful ; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom ; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, Who sees me ? no alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness ; belike lest God should deny that he hath received them ; and when he hath

done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds an hospital, and harbours them whom his extortion hath spoiled; so when he makes many beggars, he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. He abhors more not to uncover at the name of Jesus than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he begs a copy, and persuades the press. There is nothing that he dislikes in presence, that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sick-bed of his step-mother and weeps, when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street with a clear countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face, and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of—When will you come? and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest, yet if that guest visit him unfear'd, he counterfeits a smiling welcome, and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shews well, and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a cornfield, an ill-temper'd candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home, and worse when an angel than when a devil.

THOMAS HOBBES: 1588–1679

Hobbes is celebrated as our first great writer on political philosophy. He wrote a number of works designed to curb the spirit of freedom of England, by shewing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The chief of these are *Leviathan* and the *Treatise on Human Nature*.

NECESSITY OF PRECISION IN USING LANGUAGE.

From *Leviathan*.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime

twigs—the more he struggles the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently¹ wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,² or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

¹ Extraordinarily

² Thomas Aquinas

LAUGHTER. *From Treatise on Human Nature*

There is a passion that hath no name ; but the sign of it is that listortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy : but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth ; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often—especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well—at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations ; as also at their own jests : and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another ; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency ; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity ? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly ; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take humbly to be laughed at or derided ; that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together ; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613-1667

Jeremy Taylor is one of the most admired English writers, especially in the department of theology. From his devotion to the monarchy and the church, he was obliged to live in obscurity during the time of the Commonwealth, after which he was raised by Charles II to the bishoprics of Down and Connor, and of Dromore. His principal works are, *The Liberty of Prophesying* (Preaching), remarkable as the first avowed defence of religious toleration, *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, *The Life of Christ*, *The Golden Grove*, a manual of devotion, and his *Sermons*

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT From his *Sermons*

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil, yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened—that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto

for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven ; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunders and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow ; and at dooms-day, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence ; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear ; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes !

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear ! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder ; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates : all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented ; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude'

The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. S. Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder, any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE · 1605–1682.

Sir Thomas Browne was a medical practitioner at Norwich. His chief work, *Hydriotaphia*, or *Urn-burial*, a discourse on sepulchral urns found in Norfolk, contains reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality, which for solemnity and grandeur are probably unsurpassed in English literature. His other works are *Religio Medici* (The Religion of a Physician) and a *Treatise on Vulgar Errors*.

ON OBLIVION From *Hydriotaphia*.

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus¹ lives that burned the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it:² time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

¹ An Ephesian, who, from a desire of fame, set fire to the temple of Diana. He suffered a painful death, and capital punishment was decreed to be inflicted upon any one who should mention his name, a decree which produced in effect directly the reverse of what had been intended.

² It was built by Chersiphron, an architect of Cnossus, in Crete.

Oblivion is not to be hired : the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been ; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood ; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox ? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light¹ in ashes ; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration ; diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope, but an evidence in noble believers, it is all one to lie in St Innocent's² churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt ; ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles³ of Adrianus

¹ The Jews placed a lighted candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse.

² In Paris, where bodies soon consume.

³ The mausoleum built by Adrianus in Rome.

PROSE WRITERS 1649-1689

JOHN MILTON 1608-1674

Milton began, at the commencement of the Civil War, to write against the Established Church, and continued throughout the ensuing troublous period to devote his pen to the service of his party. In 1649 he became Latin secretary to Cromwell. His principal prose writings in English, for he wrote several in Latin, are his *History of England to the Norman Conquest*, a *Tractate on Education*, and *Areopagitica*, a *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, one of the noblest pieces of eloquence in the language

THE VALUE OF A BOOK From *Areopagitica*.

I DENY not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth;¹ and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore

¹ The fable is that Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, having killed a dragon, sowed its teeth, which grew up armed men, who slew each other.

a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom ; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth ¹ essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. *From Areopagitica*

Behold, now, this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection ; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation : others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. . . . It is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her

¹ Quintessence, the pure essential part of a thing, was a term used in alchemy for the fifth or last and highest essence of power in a natural body.

mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do, then ? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up, and yet springing daily, in this city ? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel ? Believe it, Lords and Commons ! they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves ; and I will soon shew how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government ; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us ; liberty, which is the nurse of all great wits this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of heaven : this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us, but you, then, must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us ; ye cannot suppress that, unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others ? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt.¹ Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.

¹ Dane-gold, a tribute levied by the Anglo-Saxons to meet the outlay requisite for defending the country against the Danes.

ISAAC WALTON

ISAAC WALTON: 1593-1683.

Walton, a London linen-draper, who in his fiftieth year retired from business, enjoys the reputation of one of the most interesting and popular of our early writers. He wrote lives of Dr Donne, Sir H. Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and others, and his principal work, *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, is still a universal favourite.

THANKFULNESS FOR WORLDLY BLESSINGS.

Addressed to his Pupil in the Art of Angling. From *The Complete Angler*.

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs, some have been blasted, others thunder-struck; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature. Let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing, tormenting conscience, a misery that none can bear, and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say. Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have ate, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole

business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says . ' The hand of the diligent maketh rich ; ' and it is true indeed : but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy : for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, ' That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them . ' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful ! Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness ; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself, and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy ? No, doubtless ; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will ; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him . and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller ; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another ; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied : ' It was to find content in some one of them ' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him ; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness ; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the

prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his Book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart. And let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross, and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you that riches without them¹ do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: ‘He that loses his

¹ Meekness and thankfulness.

conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon. 1608—1674.

Hyde rose to distinction by the law. He was a minister of Charles I. during the Civil War, and accompanied Charles II. in his exile. At the restoration he was made Lord Chancellor, and the earldom of Clarendon was conferred on him. After a few years, some of his measures having rendered him unpopular, he resigned and retired to France, where he completed his *History of the Rebellion*, which is valued for its lively descriptions of his most eminent contemporaries. He wrote besides several *Essays* on various subjects.

CHARACTER OF LORD FALKLAND. From *History of the Rebellion*.

In this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to

him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy ; so that when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity ; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man ; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune : of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air, so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger ; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be furthest engaged , and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them ; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary , insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away ; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier ; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it ; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer ; so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north ; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to ; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor—which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of—he resisted those indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness , and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or

Incivility, became on a sudden less communicable ; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent ; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men—strangers to his nature and disposition—who believed him proud and imperious ; from which no mortal man was ever more free.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it ; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace, and would passionately profess, ‘that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.’ This made some think, or pretend to think, ‘that he was so much enamoured of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price,’ which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron’s regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers ; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning ; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency ; whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

THOMAS FULLER: 1608-1661.

Fuller, a popular divine of the English Church, was the author of one of the earliest biographical works of note in the language. It is entitled *A History of the Worthies of England*, and is a strange mixture of topography, biography, and popular antiquities. He also wrote a *Church History*, *The Holy and Profane State*, and several other works.

OF BOOKS. From *The Holy and Profane State*.

Solomon saith truly. 'Of making many books there is no end,' so insatiable is the thirst of men therein. as also endless is the desire of many in reading them. But we come to our rules

1. *It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library.*—As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning, but full of books, flouted a libraryless scholar with these words: 'Hail, doctor without books!' But the next day, the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, 'Hail, books,' said he, 'without a doctor!'

2. *Few books, well selected, are best.*—Yet as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice, such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books. Yet, when they have done all, they miss their end; it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes—when a man thinks he has gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

3. *Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.*—Namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look *on* them, you look *through* them; and he that peeps through the case-ment of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those

places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

4. *The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle.*—Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack, for chapmen to handle or buy ; and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired how so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book ; ‘in truth,’ said another, ‘they may be well matched together, for I profess they be nothing akin.’

5. *Proportion an hour’s meditation to an hour’s reading of a staple author.*—This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits¹ the book into the scholar.

ABRAHAM COWLEY 1618--1667

Cowley, perhaps the most popular English poet of his time, was more successful even in prose than in verse. His prose works consist of *Essays* chiefly philosophical.

OF OBSCURITY. From *Essays*.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies¹ ! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.

The common story of Demosthenes’ confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed : ‘This is that Demosthenes,’ is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any ; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it

¹ Puts the spirit of.

only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him ; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus : after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of ; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time ; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that ; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said ‘This is that Bucephalus,’ or, ‘This is that Incitatus,’ when they were led prancing through the streets, as, ‘This is that Alexander,’ or, ‘This is that Domitian ;’ and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue : not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies : but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides ; but it was harmful to them both and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives ; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who

places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

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me, when thousands were forsaken. This is not like our cottages of clay, our prisons, our earthly dwellings. This voice of joy is not like our old complaints, our impatient groans and sighs; nor this melodious praise like the scoffs and revilings, or the oaths and curses which we heard on earth. This body is not like that we had, nor this soul like the soul we had, nor this life like the life we lived. We have changed our place and state, our clothes and thoughts, our looks, language, and company. Before, a saint was weak and despised; but now, how happy and glorious a thing is a saint! Where is now their body of sin, which wearied themselves and those about them? Where are now our different judgments, reproachful names, divided spirits, exasperated passions, strange looks, uncharitable censures? Now are all of one judgment, of one name, of one heart, house, and glory. O sweet reconciliation! happy union! Now the Gospel shall no more be dishonoured through our folly. No more, my soul, shalt thou lament the sufferings of the saints, or the church's ruins, or mourn thy suffering friends, nor weep over their dying beds or their graves. Thou shalt never suffer thy old temptations from Satan, the world, or thy own flesh. Thy pains and sickness are all cured; thy body shall no more burden thee with weakness and weariness; thy aching head and heart, thy hunger and thirst, thy sleep and labour, are all gone. O what a mighty change is this. From the dunghill to the throne! From persecuting sinners to praising saints! From a vile body to this which shines as the brightness of the firmament! From a sense of God's displeasure to the perfect enjoyment of Him in love! From all my fearful thoughts of death to this joyful life! Blessed change! Farewell sin and sorrow for ever; farewell my rocky, proud, unbelieving heart; my worldly, sensual, carnal heart; and welcome my most holy, heavenly nature. Farewell repentance, faith, and hope; and welcome love, and joy, and praise. I shall now have my harvest without ploughing or sowing: my joy without a preacher or a promise: even all from the face of God Himself. Whatever mixture is in the streams, there is nothing but pure joy in the fountain. Here shall I be encircled with eternity, and ever live, and ever, ever praise the Lord. My face will not wrinkle, nor my hair be gray: for this corruptible shall have put on incorruption; and this mortal, immortality; and death shall be swallowed up in victory. O death where is now thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The date of my lease will no more

expire, nor shall I trouble myself with thoughts of death, nor lose my joys through fear of losing them. When millions of ages are past, my glory is but beginning; and when millions more are past, it is no nearer ending. Every day is all noon, every month is harvest, every year is a jubilee, every age is a full manhood, and all this is one eternity O blessed eternity! the glory of my glory, the perfection of my perfection.

JOHN EVELYN: 1620-1706.

Evelyn, a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character, distinguished himself by several scientific works written in a popular style. His *Diary* is much valued for the picture it gives of the state of society during the latter part of the seventeenth century.

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON. From his *Diary*.

1666. *2d Sept.* This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near y^e water side, all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of y^e citty burning from Cheapeside to y^e Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against y^e wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their

goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publick halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from y^e other ; for y^e heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on y^e other, y^e carts, &c, carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle ! such as haply the world had not scene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light scene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame ; the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let y^e flames burn on, w^{ch} they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more.

4th. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes ; the stones of Pauls flew like granados y^e mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but y^e almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was y^e help of man.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE: 1628-1698

Temple held several important offices during the reign of Charles II. He wrote several political tracts, and various memoirs, letters, and miscellanies, upon subjects of morality, philosophy, and criticism.

AGAINST EXCESSIVE GRIEF.

Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her daughter.

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age ; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you ; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest : is this his fault or yours ? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world ? Is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away ? Is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem ? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide : but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest ; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say : ‘ My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.’ Have I reason, madam, or

good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever HE who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in His will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

PRAISE OF POETRY AND MUSIC. *From Essay on Poetry.*

They must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and busiest of men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor to the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales, and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well, that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use and entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world

lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too, and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

JOHN BUNYAN· 1628-1688.

Bunyan, a poor, uneducated tinker, after travelling about the country for many years, acquired a sense of religion and the ability to read and write. He became a lay-preacher of the Baptists. Being imprisoned at the Restoration for unauthorised preaching, he spent the twelve and a half years of his confinement in writing religious works. Of these *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War*, and *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* are the most distinguished. The popularity of the first is almost unrivalled.

CHRISTIAN IN THE HANDS OF GIANT DESPAIR.

From The Pilgrim's Progress

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant: You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till

Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did : they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence : so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste : then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery and to mourn under their distress : so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness ? But they desired him to let them go ; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits—for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits—and lost for a time the use of his hands : wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no ; and thus they began to discourse :

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do ? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. ' My soul chooseth strangling

rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said: Thou shalt do no murder. no, not to any man's person, much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, &c. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair. others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before, but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while. the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together, in the dark, that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all, for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant

thou hast been heretofore? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. Let us—at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in—bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being abed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied: They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she: Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and shew them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shews them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done, and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again: and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful: That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt—as he turned the key—gave back.

and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too ; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail ; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

ISAAC BARROW: 1630-1677.

Dr Barrow filled in succession several high official situations in the University of Cambridge, of which he was vice-chancellor at the time of his death. In mathematics, he is considered inferior to Sir Isaac Newton alone, but it is by his theological works that he is more generally known.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine ; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins ? What is more fit and reasonable than that we should most highly esteem and honour Him, who is most excellent ? that we should bear the sincerest affection for Him who is perfect goodness himself, and most beneficial to us ? that we should have the most awful dread of Him, that is infinitely powerful, holy, and just ? that we should be very grateful to Him, from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it ? that we should entirely trust and

hope in Him, who can and will do whatever we may in reason expect from His goodness, nor can He ever fail to perform His promises? that we should render all due obedience to Him, whose children, servants, and subjects we are? Can their be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to Him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it procures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the Gospel affords? It enjoins us sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are able, willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language; not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is!

JOHN DRYDEN: 1631-1700.

Dryden, one of the greatest of English poets, is ranked also among the **best** writers of prose. He has left no extensive work in prose; the pieces which he wrote were merely accompaniments to his poems and plays, and consist of prefaces, dedications, and critical essays.

BIOGRAPHY.

History is principally divided into these three species—commentaries, or annals, history, properly so called; and biographia, or the lives of particular men. . . .

Biographia, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances, and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little passages; for, in the life of Alexander, he says thus: 'In writing the lives of illustrious men, I am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it follow, that, because an action is great, it therefore manifests the greatness and virtue of him who did it; but on the other side, sometimes a word or a casual jest betrays a man more to our knowledge of him, than a battle fought wherein

ten thousand men were slain, or sacking of cities, or a course of victories.' In another place, he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: 'The sayings of great men in their familiar discourses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity'

But in all parts of biography, whether familiar or stately, whether sublime or low, whether serious or merry, Plutarch equally excelled. As he was more inclined to commend than to dispraise, he has generally chosen such great men as were famous for their several virtues; at least such whose frailties or vices were overpoised by their excellences; such from whose examples we may have more to follow than to shun. Yet as he was impartial, he disguised not the faults of any man, an example of which is in the life of Lucullus, where, after he has told us that the double benefit which his countrymen, the Chæroneans, received from him, was the chiefest motive which he had to write his life, he afterwards rips up his luxury, and shews how he lost, through his mismanagement, his authority and his soldiers' love. Then he was more happy in his digressions than any we have named. I have always been pleased to see him, and his imitator Montaigne, when they strike a little out of the common road; for we are sure to be the better for their wandering. The best quarry lies not always in the open field; and who would not be content to follow a good huntsman over hedges and ditches, when he knows the game will reward his pains? But if we mark him more narrowly, we may observe that the great reason of his frequent starts is the variety of his learning; he knew so much of nature, was so vastly furnished with all the treasures of the mind, that he was uneasy to himself, and was forced, as I may say, to lay down some at every passage, and to scatter his riches as he went. like another Alexander or Adrian, he built a city, or planted a colony, in every part of his progress, and left behind him some memorial of his greatness. Sparta, and Thebes, and Athens, and Rome, the mistress of the world, he has discovered in their foundations, their institutions, their growth, their height; the decay of the first three, and the alteration of the last. You see those several people in their different laws, and policies, and forms of government, in their warriors, and senators, and demagogues. Nor are the ornaments of poetry, and the illustrations of similitudes, forgotten by him; in both which he instructs, as well as pleases; or rather pleases, that he may instruct.

JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630-1694.

Tillotson, son of a clothier near Halifax, rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury. The sole property he was able to leave to his widow was his *Sermons*, which, on account of his great celebrity as a divine, were purchased by a bookseller for no less than 2500 guineas. They have ever since been admired as models of correct and elegant composition.

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better : for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it, and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction ; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit, it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them, whereas integrity gains strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the

greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our tips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a

man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concerns of this world—if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw—but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end. all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

JOHN LOCKE 1632-1704

Locke, the greatest philosophical writer of his time, was educated for the profession of medicine, but spent the most of his life in studious retirement. His principal work is *An Essay on the Human Understanding*. He wrote besides a *Treatise on Toleration*, an *Essay on Education*, two *Treatises on Civil Government*, and a tract on *The Conduct of the Understanding*.

READING. From *The Conduct of the Understanding*

This is that which I think great readers are apt to be mistaken in. Those who have read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible instances of deep thought, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give would be of great use, if their readers would observe

and imitate them : all the rest at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge ; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence of what is said ; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far it is ours ; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but a knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make, especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men wilfully exclude themselves from truth, and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others, of more indifferency, often want attention and industry. The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly ; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should, by severe rules, be tied down to this, at first uneasy, task ; use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners should be entered in and shewn the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's studies ; and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument, and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here inquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge ; and

to those who aim at that, I may say, that he who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end, than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day full speed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on, and profiting by, what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning ; when custom and exercise have made it familiar, it will be despatched, in most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way are wonderfully quick ; and a man used to such sort of reflections sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out an entire and gradual deduction. Besides that, when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which, without this, is very improperly called study.

SAMUEL PEPYS 1632-1703.

Pepys was secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II and James II. His *Diary* is valuable as a curious and faithful picture of the times

MR PEPYS SETS UP A CARRIAGE. From his *Diary*

1668, *November 5* With Mr Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr Lowther's fine coach ; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober. to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to Whitehall Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

30. My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs Creed, and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expensive to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses. that

ever I knew in the world ; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired.

December 2 Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Usurper* ; a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall ; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queene's side, to speak with the Duke of York. and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him.

1669, *April 11*. Thence to the Park, my wife and I ; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own ; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice ; but I must venture it now.

May 1 Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year ; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it ; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired ; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty ; and indeed, was fine all over ; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering, and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us ; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us ; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine. and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant : the day being displeasing, though the Park full of

coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain ; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's ; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge ; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry.

ROBERT SOUTH · 1633–1716.

Dr South was one of the most eminent of those clergymen who in the reign of Queen Anne defended the English Church against dissenters. His *Sermons* are remarkable for their pithy arguments and racy idiomatic language.

THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

The understanding, the noblest faculty of the mind, was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty ; all the passions wore the colours of reason ; it did not so much persuade as command ; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition ; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding, it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility ; it knew no rest but in motion ; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object ; not so much find as make things intelligible. It arbitrated upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination ; not, like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In short, it was vege, quick, and lively ; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth ; it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things ; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names ; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties ; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes, his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or

the certainties of prediction ; till his fall, he was ignorant of nothing but sin ; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal ; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an ' I have found it, I have found it ' ¹—the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless ; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*,² to exhaust his time, and to impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention ; his faculties were quick and expedite ; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons ; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other acts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

¹ Archimedes, of Syracuse, the most famous of ancient mathematicians, discovered, when in a bath, the solution of a problem, which so pleased him that, forgetting to put on his clothes, he ran home, shouting : ' I have found it.'

² In the deep.

GILBERT BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET 1643-1715

Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, is eminent as a theologian, politician, and historian. His *History of the Reformation* is the standard work upon the subject. He wrote, besides, *A History of My Own Times*.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF EDWARD VI.

From *The History of the Reformation*.

In the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince,¹ burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor; such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Greyfriars' Church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He

¹ The king was sixteen years of age.

also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe

He expressed, in the whole course of his sickness, great submission to the will of God, and seemed glad at the approaches of death; only the consideration of religion and the church touched him much, and upon that account he said he was desirous of life. His distemper rather increased than abated; so that the physicians had no hope of his recovery. Upon which a confident woman came, and undertook his cure, if he might be put into her hands. This was done, and the physicians were put from him, upon this pretence, that they having no hopes of his recovery, in a desperate case, desperate remedies were to be applied. On the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done, Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy Chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him, but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms. 'I am faint; Lord have mercy on me, and receive my spirit;' and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI, that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues, and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England; in it he had marked down

their way of living, and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money ; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports, both of his own dominions, and of France and Scotland ; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs ; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner, that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible ; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension ; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard ; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them ; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He had a copy brought him of everything that passed in council, which he put in a chest, and kept the key of that always himself.

In a word, the natural and acquired perfections of his mind were wonderful ; but his virtues and true piety were yet more extraordinary. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shewn. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons ; and gave Dr Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word ; and therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government, since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt. He had, above all things, a great regard to religion. He took notes of such things as he heard in sermons, which more especially concerned himself, and made his measures of all men by their zeal in that matter. All men who saw and observed these qualities in him, looked on him as one raised by God for most extraordinary ends, and when he died, concluded that the sins of England had been great, that had provoked God to take from them a prince, under whose government they were like to have seen such blessed times. He was so affable and sweet-natured, that all had free access to him at all times ; by which he came to be most universally beloved ; and all the high things that could be devised were said by the people to express their esteem of him.

PROSE WRITERS 1689-1727.

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1675--1729.

Steele, Gazette-writer to the Whig ministry in the reign of Queen Anne, shares with Addison the honour of having founded our periodical literature, though the credit of originating it is due to Daniel De Foe. On April 12, 1709, Steele issued the first number of *The Tatler*, a single sheet, which continued to appear thrice a week at the price of one penny per number until January 2, 1711. Steele was assisted in *The Tatler* by contributions from Addison, who afterwards joined him in the production of the more famous *Spectator*, a daily sheet, which appeared on March 1, 1711, and continued till the end of 1714, with a break of eighteen months, during which they issued *The Guardian*, another daily publication, which extended to 175 numbers. Steele, having obtained a seat in parliament in 1713, devoted the remainder of his life to politics.

TEDIOUS STORY-TELLERS. From *The Tatler*.

BOCCALINI,¹ in his *Parnassus*, indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardini.² This Guicciardini is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman, Dr Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, 'that if such an author as Guicciardini were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation.'

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome; but such liberties

¹ An Italian satirical writer of the seventeenth century.

² A celebrated Italian statesman and historian, 1482—1540.

are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's *Chronicle* to almost every part of her majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors who had very different beauties in their style, that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense. I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen, but it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves, and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them, but think they have a right to tell anything that has happened within their memory. They look upon a matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr Humphry Wagstaff, uses to say, the life of man is too short for a story-teller. Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was; but as for us postdiluvians, we ought to do everything in haste, and in our speeches as well as actions remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him

frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight and fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the three score and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one-third part of the day, who ever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this. 'That men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.' This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing. Whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say. And, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours; and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches (that shall lie upon the table as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit) to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any encumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From *The Spectator*.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half, and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

JOSEPH ADDISON: 1672-1719

Addison gained a high reputation by his poems, which obtained for him several political appointments, the highest of which was that of principal secretary of state. His tragedy of *Cato* was very popular in its day, but his literary fame rests chiefly on his contributions to *The Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. 'Whoever wishes,' says Dr Johnson, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison'

THE VISION OF MIRZA From *The Spectator*.

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He

lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest'

'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'

'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.'

'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?'

'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it'

'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide'

'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life: consider it attentively.'

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.'

'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some

persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.'

Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.'

'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!'

The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.'

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the

midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.'

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I. 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.'

The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From *The Spectator*.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, 'in which,' says he, 'there are a great many ingenious fancies.' He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole

country would fain have it a match between him and her; and, truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of the best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried: 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel' a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr Busby' a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation-chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called

Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair ; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland ?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned ; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that 'if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard, but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them'

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince ; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb ; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that 'he was the first who touched for the evil : ' and afterwards Henry IV's upon which he shook his head, and told us 'there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign'

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since ; 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger 'you ought to lock up your kings better ; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care'

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, 'who,' as our knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man ; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

LORD SHAFTESBURY: 1671-1713.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, attracted much attention during the reign of Queen Anne by his numerous publications concerning the operations of the human mind, the most of which were collected into one work, entitled *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*.

THE DEITY UNFOLDED IN HIS WORKS.

From The Moralists.

How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent o'er the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold, or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked wood. Yet not disheartened (such is the force of human breasts), but thus provided for by art and prudence, the kind compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For, at length, the sun approaching melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold. It breaks the icy fetters of the main, where vast sea-monsters pierce through floating islands, with arms which can withstand the crystal rock; whilst others, who of themselves seem great as islands, are by their bulk alone aimed against all but man, whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and force should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great composer of these wondrous frames, and author of his own superior wisdom.

But leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for

those happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find? His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt (overcome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favoured by which, the men and beasts pursue their labours, and plants refreshed by dews and showers can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

And here the varying scene opens to new wonders. We see a country rich with gems, but richer with the fragrant spices it affords. How gravely move the largest of land-creatures on the banks of this fair river! How ponderous are their arms, and vast their strength, with courage, and a sense superior to the other beasts! Yet are they tamed (we see) by mankind, and brought even to fight their battles rather as allies and confederates than as slaves. But let us turn our eyes towards these smaller and more curious objects—the numerous and devouring insects on the trees in these wide plains. How shining, strong, and lasting are the subtle threads spun from their artful mouths! Who beside the All-wise has taught them to compose the beautiful soft shells, in which recluse and buried, yet still alive, they undergo such a surprising change, when not destroyed by men, who clothe and adorn themselves with the labours and lives of these weak creatures, and are proud of wearing such inglorious spoils? How sumptuously apparelled, gay, and splendid are all the various insects which feed on the other plants of this warm region! How beautiful the plants themselves in all their various growths, from the triumphant palm down to the humble moss!

Now may we see that happy country where precious gums and balsams flow from trees, and nature yields her most delicious fruits. How tame and tractable, how patient of labour and of thirst, are those large creatures, who, lifting up their lofty heads, go led and laden through those dry and barren places! Their shape and temper shew them framed by nature to submit to man, and fitted for his service, who from hence ought to be more sensible of his wants, and of the divine bounty thus supplying them.

But behold! through a vast tract of sky before us, the mighty

Atlas rears his lofty head, covered with snow, above the clouds. Beneath the mountain's foot the rocky country rises into hills, a proper basis of the ponderous mass above, where huge embodied rocks lie piled on one another, and seem to prop the high arch of heaven. See! with what trembling steps poor mankind tread the narrow brink of the deep precipices! From whence, with giddy horror, they look down, mistrusting even the ground which bears them, whilst they hear the hollow sound of torrents underneath, and see the ruin of the impending rock, with falling trees which hang with their roots upwards, and seem to drive more ruin after them. Here thoughtless men, seized with the newness of such objects, become thoughtful, and willingly contemplate the incessant changes of this earth's surface. They see, as in one instant, the revolutions of past ages, the fleeting forms of things, and the decay even of this our globe, whose youth and first formation they consider, whilst the apparent spoil and irreparable breaches of the wasted mountain shew them the world itself only as a noble ruin, and make them think of its approaching period. But here midway the mountain, a specious border of thick wood harbours our wearied travellers, who now are come among the ever-green and lofty pines, the firs, and noble cedars, whose towering heads seem endless in the sky, the rest of trees appearing only as shrubs beside them. And here a different horror seizes our sheltered travellers, when they see the day diminished by the deep shades of the vast wood; which closing thick above, spreads darkness and eternal night below. The faint and gloomy light looks horrid as the shade itself; and the profound stillness of these places imposes silence upon men, struck with the hoarse echoes of every sound within the spacious caverns of the wood. Here space astonishes. Silence itself seems pregnant; whilst an unknown force works on the mind, and dubious objects move the wakeful sense. Mysterious voices are either heard or fancied, and various forms of deity seem to present themselves, and appear more manifest in these sacred sylvan scenes, such as of old gave rise to temples, and favoured the religion of the ancient world. Even we ourselves, who in plain characters may read divinity from so many bright parts of earth, choose rather these obscurer places to spell out that mysterious Being, which to our weak eyes appears at best under a veil of cloud.

DANIEL DE FOE: 1661-1731.

De Foe, a London tradesman, became in middle life an active political writer. In 1704 he commenced the first English periodical, *The Review*, a literary and political journal, which continued for about nine years, appearing every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the days on which the post left London for the country. Having abandoned politics, he published in 1719 his *Robinson Crusoe*, the extraordinary success of which prompted him to write a variety of other fictions, amongst which are *Moll Flanders*, *Life of Colonel Jack*, *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *History of the Great Plague*, &c

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON

From *The History of the Plague*.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts.

'Alas! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate, all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village'—pointing at Poplar—'where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house. 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open, nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night.' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There,' says he, 'they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses.'

'Why,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?'

'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man. It hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.'

‘How do you mean then,’ said I, ‘that you are not visited?’

‘Why,’ says he, ‘that is my house’—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—‘and there my poor wife and two children live,’ said he, ‘if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them’ And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you

‘But,’ said I, ‘why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?’

‘O, sir,’ says he, ‘the Lord forbid I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.’ And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want.

‘Well,’ says I, ‘honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?’

‘Why, sir,’ says he, ‘I am a waterman, and there is my boat,’ says he; ‘and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,’ says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; ‘and then,’ says he, ‘I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it’

‘Well, friend,’ says I, ‘but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?’

‘Yes, sir,’ says he, ‘in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there,’ says he, ‘five ships lie at anchor?’—pointing down the river a good way below the town—‘and do you see,’ says he, ‘eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?’—pointing above the town. ‘All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship’s boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

'Well,' said I, 'friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other, and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village,' said I, 'is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.'

'That is true,' added he, 'but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou gotten for them?'

'I have gotten four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it them yet?'

'No,' said he, 'but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!' says he, 'she is brought sadly down, she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die, but it is the Lord!' Here he stopped, and wept very much.

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'O, sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?'

'Say'st thou so,' said I; 'and how much less is my faith than thine.'

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert ;' he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come, so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships ; and when he returned, he hallooed again ; then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired ; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away ; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds : ' God has sent it all ; give thanks to Him.' When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither ; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again

' Well, but,' says I to him, ' did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay ?'

' Yes, yes,' says he ; ' you shall hear her own it.' So he calls again : ' Rachel, Rachel'—which it seems was her name—' did you take up the money ?'

' Yes,' said she. ' How much was it ?' said he. ' Four shillings and a groat,' said she. ' Well, well,' says he, ' the Lord keep you all,' and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance ; so I called him. ' Hark thee, friend,' said I, ' come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee ;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, ' Here,' says I, ' go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me ; God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost.' so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money ; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up, and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed

JONATHAN SWIFT: 1667-1746.

Dr Swift, Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin, was the most powerful and original prose-writer of the period. His works are chiefly of a political character, and were written only to serve a temporary end; yet they are such models of satirical composition, that they still continue to form a constituent portion of every good English library. Those most read are *Gulliver's Travels*, a satire on mankind and the institutions of civilised countries, *The Tale of a Tub*, a burlesque of the disputes among the Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians; and *The Battle of the Books*, a satire on literary controversies.

VISIT TO THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT LAGADO.

A Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.

From *Gulliver's Travels*

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed further, that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks would be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders; assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weather-cock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on

every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences, which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgments to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good-fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles ; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever ; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity ; for, it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers ; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlers among us, who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave. But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss ; therefore the room where company meet to practise this art is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

LORD BOLINGBROKE: 1678-1751.

Henry St John Viscount Bolingbroke was a secretary of state in the reign of Queen Anne. On the accession of George I. he fled to France, to avoid a threatened impeachment. Being pardoned in 1723, he returned to England, but in 1735 again retired to France for seven years. His chief works are *Letters on the Study of History*, *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, *The Idea of a Patriot King*, and *Philosophical Essays*. The matter of Bolingbroke's works is of little value, owing to the unsoundness of his principles both in religion and in philosophy, but his style is singularly eloquent and highly polished.

NATIONAL PARTIALITY AND PREJUDICE.

From *Letters on the Study of History*.

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions the standards of right and wrong, of true and false.

Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I might shew, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and

proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest, attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

THE PATRIOT KING *From The Idea of a Patriot King.*

The good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government. Governors are therefore appointed for this end, and the civil constitution which appoints them, and invests them with their power, is determined to do so by that law of nature and reason which has determined the end of government, and which admits this form of government as the proper mean of arriving at it. Now the greatest good of a people is their liberty; and in the case here referred to, the people has judged it so, and provided for it accordingly. Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to the individual body: without health no pleasure can be tasted by man, without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society. The obligation, therefore, to defend and maintain the freedom of such constitutions will appear most sacred to a patriot king. Kings who have weak understandings, bad hearts, and strong prejudices, and all these, as it often happens, inflamed by their passions, and rendered incurable by their self-conceit and presumption, such kings are apt to imagine, and they conduct themselves so as to make many of their subjects imagine, that the king and the people in free

governments are rival powers, who stand in competition with one another, who have different interests, and must of course have different views ; that the rights and privileges of the people are so many spoils taken from the right and prerogative of the crown ; and that the rules and laws, made for the exercise and security of the former, are so many diminutions of their dignity, and restraints on their power.

A patriot king will see all this in a far different and much truer light. The constitution will be considered by him as one law, consisting of two tables, containing the rule of his government, and the measure of his subjects' obedience ; or as one system, composed of different parts and powers, but all duly proportioned to one another, and conspiring by their harmony to the perfection of the whole.

He will make one, and but one, distinction between his rights, and those of his people ; he will look on his to be a trust, and theirs a property. He will discern, that he can have a right to no more than is trusted to him by the constitution : and that his people, who had an original right to the whole by the law of nature, can have the sole indefeasible right to any part : and really have such a right to that part which they have reserved to themselves. In fine, the constitution will be revered by him as the law of God and of man ; the force of which binds the king as much as the meanest subjects, and the reason of which binds him much more.

Thus he will think, and on these principles he will act, whether he come to the throne by immediate or remote election. I say remote ; for in hereditary monarchies, where men are not elected, families are : and therefore some authors would have it believed, that when a family has been once admitted, and an hereditary right to the crown recognised in it, that right cannot be forfeited, nor that throne become vacant, as long as any heir of the family remains.

How much more agreeably to truth and to common sense would these authors have written, if they had maintained that every prince who comes to a crown in the course of succession, were he the last of five hundred, comes to it under the same conditions under which the first took it, whether expressed or implied ; as well as under those, if any such there be, which have been since made by legal authority : and that royal blood can give no right, nor length of succession any prescription, against the constitution of a government ! The first and the last hold by the same tenure .

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688-1744.

Pope was the greatest poet of the period. His prose writings consist of a volume of *Letters*, a few contributions to periodicals, and the prefaces to his works.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT ENGLISH COUNTRY-SEAT.¹

From *A Letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that—in a poetical fit—you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's² time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining

¹ Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire.

² The city of Thebes, according to a fable, was founded by Amphion, who so excelled in music that by its power he collected the stones for the building of the city, and made them move into their proper places.

pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor, owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and the other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne¹ spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

¹ A woman so well skilled in needle-work that she challenged competition with Minerva, and, being defeated, hanged herself, on which the goddess changed her to a spider.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.


I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar. he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone-steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was, a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands. Indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof.

GEORGE BERKELEY: 1684—1753.

Dr Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was the greatest philosophical writer of the period. His chief works are *The Theory of Vision*, *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, and *The Minute Philosopher*. The style of Berkeley has been generally admired; it is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher.

PREJUDICES AND OPINIONS.



Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are asserted to without examination. The first notions which take possession of the minds of men, with regard to duties social, moral, and civil, may therefore be justly styled prejudices. The mind of a reasoning creature cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Do what you can, there will still be a bias from education; and if so, is it not better this bias should lie towards things laudable and useful to society? This bias still operates, although it may not always prevail. The notions first instilled have the earliest influence, take the deepest root, and generally are found to give a colour and complexion to the subsequent lives of men, inasmuch as they are in truth the great source of human actions. It is not gold, or honour, or power, that moves men to act, but the opinions they entertain of those things. Hence it follows, that if a magistrate should say, 'No matter what notions men embrace, I will take heed to their actions,' therein he shews his weakness; for, such as are men's notions, such will be their deeds.

For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbour as himself, to honour his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care? This is allowed even by the enemies of religion, who would fain have it

thought the offspring of state policy, honouring its usefulness at the same time that they disparage its truth. What, therefore, cannot be acquired by every man's reasoning, must be introduced by precept, and riveted by custom ; that is to say, the bulk of mankind must, in all civilised societies, have their minds, by timely instruction, well seasoned and furnished with proper notions, which, although the grounds or proofs thereof be unknown to them, will nevertheless influence their conduct, and so far render them useful members of the state. But if you strip men of these their notions, or, if you will, prejudices, with regard to modesty, decency, justice, charity, and the like, you will soon find them so many monsters utterly unfit for human society.

I desire it may be considered that most men want leisure, opportunity, or faculties, to derive conclusions from their principles, and establish morality on a foundation of human science. True it is—as St Paul observes—that the ‘invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen ;’ and from thence the duties of natural religion may be discovered. But these things are seen and discovered by those alone who open their eyes and look narrowly for them. Now, if you look throughout the world, you shall find but few of these narrow inspectors and inquirers, very few who make it their business to analyse opinions, and pursue them to their rational source, to examine whence truths spring, and how they are inferred. In short, you shall find all men full of opinions, but knowledge only in a few.

It is impossible, from the nature and circumstances of human kind, that the multitude should be philosophers, or that they should know things in their causes. We see every day that the rules, or conclusions alone, are sufficient for the shopkeeper to state his account, the sailor to navigate his ship, or the carpenter to measure his timber ; none of which understand the theory, that is to say, the grounds and reasons either of arithmetic or geometry. Even so in moral, political, and religious matters, it is manifest that the rules and opinions early imbibed at the first dawn of understanding, and without the least glimpse of science, may yet produce excellent effects, and be very useful to the world ; and that, in fact, they are so, will be very visible to every one who shall observe what passeth round about him.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: 1690-1762.

Lady Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, was the intimate friend of all the great writers of the period. Having accompanied her husband, Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, on his embassy to Constantinople, 1716-1718, she wrote to her friends in England a series of lively descriptive letters, which, with those written during her travels in other parts of Europe, are still considered models of epistolary composition. She introduced from Turkey the practice of inoculation for the small-pox.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MR POPE.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these

are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country-people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks; and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress, then in fashion, being yet retained. I do not wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids; which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half-a-dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead: these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.



JOSEPH BUTLER. 1692-1752.

Joseph Butler rose through a series of church preferments to the bishopric of Durham. His great work, *The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*, published in 1736, is considered a master-piece of reasoning in behalf of Christianity.

ON THE CREDIBILITY OF A FUTURE LIFE.

From *The Analogy*

If, leaving off the delusive custom of substituting imagination in the room of experience, we would confine ourselves to what we do know and understand, if we would argue only from that, and from that form our expectation, it would appear at first sight that as no probability of living beings ever ceasing to be so can be concluded from the reason of the thing, so none can be collected from the analogy of Nature, because we cannot trace any living beings beyond death. But as we are conscious that we are endued with capacities of perception and of action, and are living persons, what we are to go upon is, that we shall continue so till we foresee some accident or event which will endanger those capacities, or be likely to destroy us, which death does in nowise appear to be.

And thus, when we go out of this world, we may pass into new scenes, and a new state of life and action, just as naturally as we came into the present. And this new state may naturally be a social one. And the advantages of it, advantages of every kind, may naturally be bestowed, according to some fixed general laws of wisdom, upon every one in proportion to the degrees of his virtue. And though the advantages of that future natural state should not be bestowed, as these of the present in some measure are, by the will of the society, but entirely by His more immediate

action upon whom the whole frame of nature depends, yet this distribution may be just as natural as their being distributed here by the instrumentality of men. And, indeed, though one were to allow any confused undetermined sense which people please to put upon the word *natural*, it would be a shortness of thought scarce credible to imagine that no system or course of things can be so, but only what we see at present. especially whilst the probability of a future life, or the natural immortality of the soul, is admitted upon the evidence of reason; because this is really both admitting and denying at once a state of being different from the present to be natural. But the only distinct meaning of that word is *stated, fixed, or settled*; since what is natural as much requires and presupposes an intelligent agent to render it so—that is, to affect it continually, or at stated times—as what is supernatural or miraculous does to affect it for once. And from hence it must follow that persons' notion of what is natural will be enlarged in proportion to their greater knowledge of the works of God and the dispensations of his Providence. Nor is there any absurdity in supposing that there may be beings in the universe whose capacities, and knowledge, and views, may be so extensive as that the whole Christian dispensation may to them appear natural—that is, analogous or conformable to God's dealings with other parts of his creation—as natural as the visible known course of things appears to us; for there seems scarce any other possible sense to be put upon the word but that only in which it is here used, *similar, stated, or uniform*.

This credibility of a future life, which has been here insisted upon, how little soever it may satisfy our curiosity, seems to answer all the purposes of religion, in like manner as a demonstrative proof would. Indeed, a proof, even a demonstrative one, of a future life, would not be a proof of religion. For that we are to live hereafter is just as reconcilable with the scheme of atheism, and as well to be accounted for by it, as that we are now alive is; and therefore nothing can be more absurd than to argue from that scheme that there can be no future state. But as religion implies a future state, any presumption against such a state is a presumption against religion. And the foregoing observations remove all presumptions of that sort, and prove, to a very considerable degree of probability, one fundamental doctrine of religion, which, if believed, would greatly open and dispose the mind seriously to attend to the general evidence of the whole.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON: 1689-1761.

Richardson, a printer in London, is celebrated as the author of the first classical English novel. When fifty years of age, he wrote *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, which appeared in 1741 and immediately obtained great popularity. It was followed by *The History of Clarissa Harlowe*, in 1749; and in 1753, by *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, designed to represent the *beau-ideal* of a Christian gentleman.

PAMELA AT CHURCH. From *Pamela*

Yesterday we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned, and lined, and new harnessed, so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear spouse's; though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white flowered with gold, and a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c., I also mentioned before; and my dear sir in a fine laced silk waistcoat of blue Paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk, and he looked charmingly indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels; but he said it would be thought a slight to me from him as his wife; and though, as I apprehended it might be, that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation, for, against my wish, we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of shewing as if he was ashamed of it; and as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as of the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we stayed the longer because the church should be pretty empty ; but we found great numbers at the church doors and in the church porch, and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr Martin, who is single, Mr Chambers, Mr Arthur, and Mr Brooks, with their families, were all there ; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner complimented us both ; and Mrs Arthur and Mrs Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy ; and Mrs Brooks said : ‘ You sent my spouse, madam, home t’other day quite charmed with that easy and sweet manner, which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is so natural to you.’

‘ You do me great honour, madam,’ replied I. ‘ Such a good lady’s approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness.’

My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, being a very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extreme in that way), and, I believe, to familiarise me to the gazers, which concerned me a little ; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity, and I beckoned John with my fan, and said : ‘ Divide in the further church porch that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more if they don’t importune me now.’ So I gave them all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings ; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

In the afternoon we went again to church, and a little early, at my request ; but the church was quite full, and soon after even crowded ; so much does novelty (the more’s the pity !) attract the eyes of mankind. The dean preached again, which he was not used to do, out of compliment to us, and an excellent sermon he made on the relative duties of Christianity ; and it took my peculiar attention, for he made many fine observations on the subject.

This morning the poor came, according to my invitation, and I sent them away with glad hearts to the number of twenty-five. They were not above twelve or fourteen, on Sunday, that John divided the silver among them, which I gave him for that purpose ; but others got hold of the matter, and made up to the above number-

HENRY FIELDING: 1707-1754.

Henry Fielding, the greatest of English novelists, spent the earlier part of his life in writing for the stage. Meeting with but little success, he began to study for the bar, to which he was called in 1740. In 1742 appeared his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*. It was followed by *A Journey from this World to the Next*, *The History of Jonathan Wild*, and *Tom Jones*, which is regarded as a master-piece of humorous fiction. His last work was *Amelia*.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE. From *Tom Jones*.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr Jones, Mrs Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said: 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs Miller: 'Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted: 'That here were candles enough burned in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones: 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?'

Jones answered: 'That is the ghost.'

To which Partridge replied, with a smile: 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other.

Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage.

'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.'

'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?'

'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens it is good enough for you. Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said. 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.'

'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.'

'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?'

'Nay, sir,' said Partridge; 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet.

Ay, you may draw your sword ; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil ?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces ? Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder ?' He then inquired after the ghost ; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this ; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out : 'There, sir, now ; what say you now ? is he frightened now or no ? As much frightened as you think me ; and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears ; I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name ?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me ! what's become of the spirit ? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.'

'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones.

'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play ; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so ; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there ; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion ; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business , I hate the sight of you'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him , but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her, 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched ; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away ; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage.

To which Jones answered : 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.'

'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out : 'Well ! it is strange to see how fearless some men are ; I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought.'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play ; at the end of which Jones asked him, 'Which of the players he had liked best.'

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question : 'The king, without doubt.'

'Indeed, Mr Partridge,' says Mrs Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town ; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.'

'He the best player !' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer ; 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me ; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country ; and the king for my money ; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost ; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out : 'Lord have mercy upon us ! there it is.'

DAVID HUME: 1711-1776.

David Hume, the younger son of a Scottish country gentleman, spent the greater part of his life in literary retirement. After distinguishing himself by several philosophical works remarkable for research and for elegance of style—*Treatise on Human Nature; Essays, Moral and Philosophical; and Political Discourses*—he commenced his *History of England*, which appeared from 1754 to 1762. It was the first example of the highest kind of historical composition which appeared in English literature, and is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language.

THE MIDDLE AGES—PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

From *The History of England*.

Those who cast their eye on the general revolutions of society, will find that, as almost all improvements of the human mind had reached nearly to their state of perfection about the age of Augustus, there was a sensible decline from that point or period; and men thenceforth gradually relapsed into ignorance and barbarism. The unlimited extent of the Roman Empire, and the consequent despotism of its monarchs, extinguished all emulation, debased the generous spirits of men, and depressed the noble flame by which all the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened. The military government which soon succeeded, rendered even the lives and properties of men insecure and precarious; and proved destructive to those vulgar and more necessary arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in the end, to the military art and genius itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nations which soon followed, overwhelmed all human knowledge, which was already far in its decline; and men sunk every age deeper into ignorance, stupidity, and superstition, till the light of ancient science and history had very nearly suffered a total extinction in all the European nations.

But there is a point of depression as well as of exaltation, from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary direction, and beyond which they seldom pass, either in their advancement or decline. The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror; and from that era the sun of science,

beginning to reascend, threw out many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century. The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precarious livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The feudal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system; and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal licence and disorder which had everywhere preceded it.

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty; but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, obliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their villeins as domestic servants, much less as manufacturers, but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villeins were entirely occupied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn and cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family, and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely burdensome to the vassal, were of little advantage to the master, and that the produce of a large estate could be much more conveniently disposed of by the peasants themselves, who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff, who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money-rents for those in kind; and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villenage went gradually

into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe; the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude, were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villein and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus *personal* freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of *political* or *civil* liberty.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there scarcely is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her

people ; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances ; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations. And though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe—the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous—she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their state ; her own greatness, meanwhile, remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success ; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice ; they were supported by her constancy ; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior ; and the combat, which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity ; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife ; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT: 1721-1771.

Smollett, the rival of Fielding, after serving an apprenticeship to a surgeon in Glasgow, went to London to bring out a tragedy he had written. Unsuccessful in this, he entered the navy as a surgeon's mate. On returning to England, he commenced practice as a physician, but meeting with little success, he devoted himself to literature as a profession. His chief works are—*Adventures of Roderick Random*, *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, and *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. He also wrote a *History of England*, a portion of which is usually appended to Hume's *History*.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

From *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*.

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: 'This is hard work for such an old man as you.' So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes: 'Have you never a son,' said he, 'to ease you of this labour?'

'Yes, an' please your honour,' replied the senior, 'I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.'

'Honour not me,' cried the stranger; 'it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?'

The ancient paviour said his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail, then turning short: 'Tell me,' said he, 'has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?'

'Call him not unnatural,' replied the other; 'God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides.'

At that instant, a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed: 'Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he.'

'I am! I am!' cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears—'I am your son Willy, sure enough!'

Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried: 'Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?' The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and holloood, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, 'Captain,' said he, 'I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house.' The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good-fortune to attract the notice and

approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother, to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE: 1723-1780.

William Blackstone, a lawyer, published in 1765 a series of *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. This book, which is still the standard work on the subject, was the first attempt to popularise legal knowledge. Blackstone received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed a judge in the Court of Common Pleas.

THE TRIAL BY JURY.

From his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*.

The trial by jury ever has been, and I trust ever will be, looked upon as the glory of the English law. It is the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy, or wish for, that he cannot be affected either in his property, his liberty, or his person, but by the unanimous consent of twelve of his neighbours and equals. A constitution, that I may venture to affirm has, under providence, secured the just liberties of this nation for a long succession of ages.

Great as this eulogium may seem, it is no more than this admirable constitution, when traced to its principles, will be found in sober reason to deserve. The impartial administration of justice, which secures both our persons and our properties, is the great end of civil society. But if that be entirely intrusted to the magistracy a select body of men, and those generally selected by the prince or such as enjoy the highest offices in the state, their decisions, in spite of their own natural integrity, will have frequently an involuntary bias towards those of their own rank and dignity: it is not to be expected from human nature, that *the few* should be always attentive to the interests and good of *the many*. On the other hand, if the power of judicature were placed at random in the hands of the multitude, their decisions would be wild and capricious, and a new rule of action would be every day established in our courts. It is wisely therefore ordered, that the principles and axioms of law, which are general propositions, flowing from abstracted reason, and not accommodated to times or to men, should be deposited in the breasts of the judges, to be occasionally applied to such facts as come properly ascertained before them. For here partiality can have little scope: the law is well known, and is the same for all ranks and degrees; it follows as a regular conclusion from the premises of fact pre-established. But in settling and

adjusting a question of fact, when intrusted to any single magistrate, partiality and injustice have an ample field to range in ; either by boldly asserting that to be proved which is not so, or more artfully by suppressing some circumstances, stretching and warping others, and distinguishing away the remainder. Here, therefore, a competent number of sensible and upright jurymen, chosen by lot from among those of the middle rank, will be found the best investigators of truth, and the surest guardians of public justice. For the most powerful individual in the state will be cautious of committing any flagrant invasion of another's right, when he knows that the fact of his oppression must be examined and decided by twelve indifferent men, not appointed till the hour of trial ; and that, when once the fact is ascertained, the law must of course redress it. This therefore preserves in the hands of the people that share, which they ought to have in the administration of public justice, and prevents the encroachments of the more powerful and wealthy citizens. Every new tribunal, erected for the decision of facts, without the intervention of a jury (whether composed of justices of the peace, commissioners of the revenue, judges of a court of conscience, or any other standing magistrates), is a step towards establishing aristocracy, the most oppressive of absolute governments. The feudal system, which, for the sake of military subordination, pursued an aristocratical plan in all its arrangements of property, had been intolerable in times of peace, had it not been wisely counterpoised by that privilege, so universally diffused through every part of it, the trial by the feudal peers. And in every country on the continent, as the trial by the peers has been gradually disused, so the nobles have increased in power, till the state has been torn to pieces by rival factions, and oligarchy in effect has been established, though under the shadow of regal government ; unless where the miserable commons have taken shelter under absolute monarchy, as the lighter evil of the two. It is therefore, upon the whole, a duty which every man owes to his country, his friends, his posterity, and himself, to maintain to the utmost of his power this valuable constitution in all its rights ; to restore it to its ancient dignity, if at all impaired by the different value of property, or otherwise deviated from its first institution ; to amend it, wherever it is defective ; and, above all, to guard with the most jealous circumspection against the introduction of new and arbitrary methods of trial, which, under a variety of plausible pretences, may in time imperceptibly undermine this best preservative of English liberty.

LAURENCE STERNE: 1713-1768

Sterne, an English clergyman of eccentric manners published, 1759-1765, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, and in 1768 his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. These works contain, amidst much frivolity and nonsense, some delineations of character, and strokes of pathos, and flights of fancy, which have never been surpassed, and but rarely approached.

UNCLE TOBY AND CORPORAL TRIM.

From *Tristram Shandy*

[The table on which Uncle Toby kept his maps and books of fortification, &c., having met with an accident, Uncle Toby requests his servant, Corporal Trim, to order a larger one, to which Trim replies as follows]

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby ;—speak—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear—Why, then, replied Trim (not hanging his ears and scratching his head, like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division.—I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings—I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and hornworks make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with. As summer is coming on, continued Trim, your honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle)—of the town or citadel, your honour was pleased to sit down before—and I will be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I do not fortify it to your honour's mind.—I dare say thou wouldst, Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your honour, continued the corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle—I would begin with the fosse, and, if your honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's-breadth, Trim, replied my uncle—

I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp, and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-scarp.—Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—And when I had sloped them to your mind, an' please your honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods—and as your honour knows they should be—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.—The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—Whether they are gazons or sods is not much matter, replied Trim; your honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.—I know they are, Trim, in some respects—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head,—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fosse (as was the case at St Nicholas's Gate), and facilitate the passage over it.

Your honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his majesty's service :—but would your honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work, under your honour's directions, like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on ;—but it was not a blush of guilt—of modesty, or of anger ;—it was a blush of joy ;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.—Trim ! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his majesty and the allies take the field, and demolish 'em, town by town, as fast as—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more.—Your honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.—Besides, your honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good air, and good exercise, and good health, and your honour's wound would be well in a month.—Thou hast said enough, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—I like thy project mightily.—And if your honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel, and a pickaxe, and a couple of—Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture—and thrusting a

guinea into Trim's hand.—Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more ;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper—to no purpose ;—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed .—'twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination ;—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him ;—so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre ;—and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for :—so that as Trim uttered the words 'a rood and a half of ground to do what they would with'—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or, at least, of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did to enjoy this selfsame thing in private—I say in private—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three sides from mortal sight, by rough holly, and thick-set flowering shrubs ;—so that the idea of not being seen did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind. Vain thought ! however thick it was planted about—or private soever it might seem—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground—and not have it known !

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events—may make no uninteresting underplot in the epitasis and working up of this drama.

A FRENCH PEASANT'S SUPPER. From *The Sentimental Journey*.

[During the traveller's ascent of a mountain, one of the horses in the chaise has the misfortune to lose two shoes.]

I then got out of the chaise in good earnest ; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. It was a little farmhouse, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn, and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie*¹ of an acre and a half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French peasant's house ; and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house, so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could, and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil soup ; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table ; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast ; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table ; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room : so I sat down at once, like a son of the family ; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon : and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet, and to what magic I owe it that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour ?

If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so. When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance : the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into a back-apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their *sabots*,² and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little

¹ Kitchen garden.

² Wooden shoes.

esplanade before the house to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had, some fifty years ago, been no mean performer upon the *vielle*,¹ and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them. It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance, but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said this was their constant way, and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.

‘Or a learned prelate either,’ said I.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS 1769–1772

During the years 1769–1772 there appeared in *The Public Advertiser*, a London newspaper, a series of political letters, bearing the signature of *Junius*, which have taken their place among the standard works of the English language. The Letters attacked all the public characters of the day connected with government, not sparing even royalty itself. Every effort that could be devised was made to discover their author, but in vain. His name still remains unknown.

FROM A LETTER TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, 1769.

MY LORD—You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and, perhaps, an insult to your understanding. * * *

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name, glorious, till it was yours, were

¹ Hurdy-gurdy.

sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derive a constitutional claim to respect ; from the second, a natural extensive authority ; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the highest peer of England : the noble independence which he might have maintained in parliament ; and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom ; compare these glorious distinctions, with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation ; and though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see with anguish how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent virtuous Duke of Bedford ; imagine what he might be in this country ; then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard by the most profligate minister with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector ; and a virtuous prince would have one

honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict¹ him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation, in the sympathising tears and blessings of his country.

Your grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to, the favourite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short ^{now} ^{misleading} ^{venance and} hostility, he would never descend to the humil^{ty} of ^{said th} ^{at any} ^{price, the honour of his friendship.} ^{er,} ^{made it,} ^{haps, in} ^{ence and} ^{'life,} ^{have} ^{invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind.} His own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamblers, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the dishonest necessity of engaging in the interests and intrigues of his dependents; of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt, of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had laboured to extinguish; nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man; his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love or esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find, an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House?

The duke had lately lost his only son by a fall from his horse.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: 1728-1774.

Goldsmitb, famous as a poet, was the son of an Irish curate, and was educated for the medical profession. After struggling for some years with misfortune and poverty, he settled in London as a writer. His chief prose works are his *Chinese Letters*, afterwards published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*; *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a singularly beautiful and interesting picture of the middle class of English rural society; the comedies of *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*; his *Histories of England, France, and Greece*; and *The History of Animated Nature*, which he left unfinished.

A VISIT TO THE COURTS OF JUSTICE IN WESTMINSTER HALL

From *The Citizen of the World, or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher.*

I had some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the man in black to be my conductor, but I found him preparing to go to Westminster Hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprise to find my friend engaged in a lawsuit, but more so when he informed me that it had been depending for several years.

'How is it possible,' cried I, 'for a man who knows the world to go to law? I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China; they resemble rat-traps, every one of them, nothing more easy to get in, but get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!'

'Faith,' replied my friend, 'I should not have gone to law but that I was assured of success before I began; things were presented to me in so alluring a light that I thought by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do but to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term these ten years, have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach. However, at present I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner that, without some unforeseen demur, we shall this very day lay him fairly on his back.'

'If things be so situated,' said I, 'I don't care if I attend you to the courts, and partake in the pleasure of your success. But, prithee,' continued I, as we set forward, 'what reasons have you

to think an affair at last concluded which has given you so many former disappointments ?'

'My lawyer tells me,' returned he, 'that I have Salkeld and Ventris strong in my favour, and that there are no less than fifteen cases in point.'

'I understand,' said I, 'those are two of your judges who have already declared their opinion'

'Pardon me,' replied my friend, 'Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers who, some hundred years ago, gave their opinion on cases similar to mine ; these opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cite, and those opinions which look another way are cited by the lawyer employed by my antagonist. As I observed, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Hales for him, and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his cause.'

'But where is the necessity,' cried I, 'of prolonging a suit by citing the opinions and reports of others, since the same good sense which determined lawyers in former ages may serve to guide your judges at this day. They, at that time, gave their opinions only from the light of reason ; your judges have the same light at present to direct them, let me even add a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the present is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why should it be particularly adhered to in this ? I plainly foresee how such a method of investigation must embarrass every suit, and even perplex the student ; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities must increase, and more time will thus be spent in learning the arts of litigation than in the discovery of right.'

'I see,' cries my friend, 'that you are for a speedy administration of justice ; but all the world will grant that the more time that is taken up in considering any subject the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman that his property is secure, and all the world will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to secure his property. Why have we so many lawyers but to secure our property ? why so many formalities but to secure our property ? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease, merely by securing our property.'

'To embarrass justice,' returned I, 'by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split. In one

case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bed-clothes, which were only designed to keep him warm ; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls in order to shew the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety.—But bless me, what numbers do I see here—all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment ?’

‘Nothing so easily conceived,’ returned my companion ; ‘they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor the counsellor, and all find sufficient employment’

‘I conceive you.’ interrupted I ; ‘they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them all for watching. It puts me in mind of a Chinese fable, which is entitled *Five Animals at a Meal*: “A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade. A whangam that eats grasshoppers had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it ; a serpent that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the whangam ; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent ; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird ; all were intent on their prey and unmindful of their danger. So the whangam ate the grasshopper, the serpent ate the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird ; when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all in a moment.”’

I had scarce finished my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend that his cause was put off till another term, that money was wanting to retain, and that all the world was of opinion that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. ‘If so, then,’ cries my friend, ‘I believe it will be my wisest way to continue the cause for another term ; and in the meantime, my friend here and I will go and see Bedlam. Adieu.’

THE VICAR'S RURAL RETREAT. From *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a ²⁰sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a

hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness ; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third with two beds for the rest of our children

The little republic, to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner. by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner ; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests ; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine ; for the making of which we had lost neither the recipe nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company ; for, while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—*Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night*, or *The Cruelty of Barbara Allen*. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day ; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's-box.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: 1709-1784

Dr Johnson, the son of a bookseller at Lichfield, after an unsuccessful attempt as a teacher, became a professional writer in London, where, during the earlier part of his life, he suffered great hardships. He attempted to revive the style of periodical literature, which had been so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele, by the publication of a periodical called *The Rambler*, which appeared twice a week, from 20th March 1750 till 14th March 1752, but owing to the serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work, it was no great favourite with the public. In 1755 he issued his great work, *The Dictionary of the English Language*, which had occupied him for eight years. In 1758 he commenced *The Idler*, another periodical which he carried on for two years. His *Rasselas*, a charming Eastern tale, appeared in 1759, and in 1785 *The Lives of the Poets*, his best prose composition. He wrote also several poems, the best of which is *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. The language of Johnson's writings is sonorous, pompous, and too artificial, but his conversational style is characterised by perfect ease and simplicity.

ON FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE From *The Rambler*.

No vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of pusillanimity.

For this reason, scarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and pursue offences to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whose birth *peace* was proclaimed to the earth. For, what would so soon destroy all the order of society, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompense for imagined injuries.

It is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to favour

himself too much, in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which thousands are wishing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self-love, prefer himself to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance, shews how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For, it can never be hoped that he who first commits an injury will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required. the same haughtiness of contempt and vehemence of desire, that prompt the act of injustice, will more strongly incite its justification; and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance, which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty, as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with every idea; a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind; and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

From *The Lives of the Poets*

. Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven. For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them.

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both excelled likewise in prose ; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation, Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more, for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope ; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity, he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON. 1721-1793

Dr Robertson, a Scottish country clergyman, published in 1759 his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and King James VI.*, which was at once pronounced to be a still finer specimen of English composition than the history of Hume. He was appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer Royal for Scotland. In 1769 he issued his *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.*, which was followed in 1777 by his *History of America*. Robertson ranks with Hume and Gibbon among the greatest of English historians.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

From *The History of America*.

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required

him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez

perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

ADAM SMITH. 1723—1790.

Dr Adam Smith, Professor of Logic and afterwards of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, is celebrated as the author of *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, the first work in which the science of political economy was fully and philosophically treated. He wrote also a metaphysical work, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*.

THE DIVISION OF LABOUR. From *The Wealth of Nations*.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions in a well-governed society that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What

a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! to say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

EDWARD GIBBON: 1737-1794

Gibbon was the son of a gentleman of family and fortune, and was thus enabled to devote the whole of the earlier part of his life to study, much of this time being spent upon the continent. Whilst at Rome, in 1764, musing one evening amid the ruins of the Capitol, he formed the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city. In 1776 the first volume of his work appeared under the title of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, but the work was not completed until 1787.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

From The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire

The noblest of the Greeks, and the bravest of the allies, were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the 28th, for the duties and dangers of the general assault. The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire: he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. In this world all was comfortless and gloomy; and neither the gospel nor the church have proposed any conspicuous recompense to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the example of their prince, and the confinement of a siege, had armed these warriors with the courage of despair; and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza, who was himself present at this mournful assembly. They wept, they embraced; regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor, and some faithful companions, entered the dome of St Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations; solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards, and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars.

In the confusion of darkness, an assailant may sometimes succeed;

but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable 29th of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannon, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched with the prows and their scaling-ladders the less defensible walls of the harbour. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labour of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamours, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning-gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd, who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onwards to the wall: the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated, and not a dart, not a bullet of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence, the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions, and of this devoted vanguard, the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage, and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment, the janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valour, he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasions; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous

ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish ; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs ; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides ; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman Empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections ; the skilful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary, though pernicious, science ; but in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault, all is blood, and horror, and confusion : nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. ‘Your wound,’ exclaimed Palæologus, ‘is slight ; the danger is pressing ; your presence is necessary ; and whither will you retire ?’ ‘I will retire,’ said the trembling Genoese, ‘by the same road which God has opened to the Turks ;’ and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honours of a military life ; and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians ; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins : in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded ; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a

single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan the janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimitar in one hand, and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification; of the thirty janizaries, who were emulous of his valour, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible; the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage-ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes, the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles, who fought round his person, sustained, till their last breath, the honourable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene; his mournful exclamation was heard: 'Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?' and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more, the Greeks fled towards the city, and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall, and as they advanced into the streets they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbour. In the first heat of their pursuit, about two thousand Christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty, and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter, if the valour of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet II. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

EDMUND BURKE 1730-1797.

Burke, the greatest of English orators, and the most philosophical of English statesmen, was born in Dublin. After being educated for the bar, he devoted himself to literature. In 1757 he published an *Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, which attracted considerable attention. In 1761 he became private secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in 1765 secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, who was then prime-minister. Next year Burke was returned to the House of Commons, where he soon distinguished himself by his eloquence. His more important speeches are those on the American war and on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His greatest work, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, appeared in 1790.

From his *Speech on Conciliation with the American Colonies*, 1775

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government, they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break

that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda*! ¹ We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this

high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire ; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests ; not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is ; English privileges alone will make it all it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now lay the first stone of the temple of peace.¹

EXTRACT FROM HIS LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD, 1796.

[The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked Mr Burke and his pension in their place in the House of Lords, and Burke replied in his *Letter to a Noble Lord*, one of the most sarcastic and most able of all his productions.]

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum*² is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life—for in every step was I traversed and opposed—and at every turnpike I met I was obliged to shew my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand.

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream ; and as dreams—even his golden dreams—are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the

¹ At the conclusion of this speech, Mr Burke moved that the right of parliamentary representation should be extended to the American colonies but his motion was negatived by 270 to 78.

² I struggle against the tide.

... purpose in life, as they perceive
themselves and in the world about them.

(FOREWORD BY DR. GEORGE S. A

The aim of the book is to give a deep understanding of the great drama of creation and of the constitution of man and the universe intimate relationship, of the purpose and goal. With such a deep insight and understanding of the laws of life man is set on the high and road of Self-exploration. The joy he feels in exploring this vast universe within himself will be so deep that the ordinary things of life in which he used to find pleasure—the pleasures of the senses—will fade into the background and lose their grip over him. All the problems which loomed large before him now fall into due perspective in the light of this deeper understanding of the laws of life. This self-exploration will help him to bring about a right adjustment between himself and society or between himself and the State and thus indirectly become a means of solving not only his own problems but the world's problems as well, which, like his, are mostly due to maladjustment.

(EDITOR'S PREFACE TO D---

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Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour ?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal ; his, are derivative It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptionous about the merit of all other grantees of the crown Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said. 'Tis his estate, that's enough. It is his by law ; what have I to do with it or its history ?' He would naturally have said on his side 'Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions ; he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

HORACE WALPOLE · 1717-1797.

Walpole was the third son of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Whig minister. He sat for twenty-six years in parliament, but the greater part of his life was spent in his suburban retreat at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. He succeeded to the earldom of Orford in 1791. The chief works of Walpole, published during his lifetime, are, *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, and *The Castle of Otranto*, the first example of that class of fiction which now bears the title of the *Romance*. Several large collections of *Letters*, and *Memoirs of the Court of George II*, published since his death, are full of lively and amusing pictures of the manners and characters of the 18th century.

THE TRIAL OF THE REBEL LORDS.

From a *Letter to Sir Horace Mann*, August 1, 1746

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw!—you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. . . The first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person. his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission, if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation, but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen. he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw. the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without. she is very handsome. so are then daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried. ‘Come, come, put it with me.’ At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler, and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During

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the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see ; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself

When the trial began, the two earls pleaded guilty, Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the king's counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable ; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, 'who,' said he, 'I see by the papers is dead' Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges whether one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false ? to which they unanimously answered in the negative Then the Lord High Steward asked the peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty ? All said, 'Guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him ? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was, and being told, he said. 'O, Mr Murray ! I am extremely glad to see you, I have been with several of your relations ; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth.' Are not you charmed with this speech ? how just it was !

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher ; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Star—as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor very affectedly said 'I am sorry I must say *guilty upon my honour.*' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion ! I was diverted too with old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern ; my brother [Orford], as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court ; I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners !' Old Issachar replied. 'Feel for them ! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us* ?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said : 'I always knew *my* lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour.*' Lord Balmerino said that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty* was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.



PROSE WRITERS 1780-1830.

WILLIAM COWPER 1731-1800.

William Cowper, according to Southey, 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' was educated for the law, but, owing to some constitutional weaknesses which occasionally affected his reason, he retired in the prime of life to reside with a private family in the country. His Poems appeared from 1782 to 1792 His *Letters* are considered among the finest specimens of the epistolary style in our language.

LETTER TO REV WILLIAM UNWIN

OLNEY, *August 6, 1780.*

You like to hear from me: this is a very good reason why I should write But I have nothing to say: this seems equally a good reason why I should not. Yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me—

Mr Cowper, you have not spoken since I came in, have you resolved never to speak again?' it would be but a poor reply, if in answer to the summons I should plead inability as my best and only excuse And this, by the way, suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand, that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing, just as that anything or nothing happens to occur A man that has a journey before him, twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it, for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed ;

not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say—‘My good sir, a man has no right to do either. But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but, in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

LETTER TO LADY HESKETH.

OLNEY, *February 9, 1786.*

I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you. And now, my dear, let me tell you once more that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again; I shall hear your voice; we shall take walks together; I will shew you my prospects, the

hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks, everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn ! Mention it not for your life ! We have never had so many visitors but we could easily accommodate them all ; though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or beginning of June ; because before that time my green-house will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats ; and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine ; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present ; but he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author ; it was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made, but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament, and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be anything better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu ! my dearest, dearest cousin.

WILLIAM PALEY. 1743-1805.

Dr Paley, the greatest divine of the period, rose from a humble origin to be Archdeacon of Carlisle. His works are, *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, *Hore Paulinæ* (Hours with Paul), an exposition of the evidences of Christianity which rest upon the Epistles of St Paul, *Evidences of Christianity*, a standard book on the subject, and *Natural Theology*, a convincing demonstration of the existence of a Deity from his works.

THE WORLD WAS MADE WITH A BENEVOLENT DESIGN.

From *Natural Theology*

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the

water, their frolics in it—which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement—all conduce to shew their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run—which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the

exact difference between the young and the old The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure, the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751-1816

Sheridan, an eminent orator in the House of Commons, is distinguished as a dramatist His chief works are the comedies of *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, his greatest work, and the finest comedy of our later literature, *The Camp*, *The Duenna*, and *The Critic*.

A SENSITIVE AUTHOR. From *The Critic*.

DANGLE, SNEER, SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh? Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed, they are in general strangely tenacious, but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. You surprise me! Wants incident?

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir——

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you, no, no, it don't fall off

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers' sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them, no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper

Dan. You are quite right, for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take

Sir F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true, and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay! you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh! so much the better; ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for——

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle, Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. O no! Anxious, not I, not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect? [*Aside to SNEER.*] Make out something.

Sneer. [*Aside to DANGLE*] I will [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! Very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! Very pleasant

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original

Sir F. Ha!—

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, incumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise

Sir F. [After great agitation.] Now, another person would be vexed at this

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you

Sir F. I know it. I am diverted—ha, ha, ha! not the least invention! ha, ha, ha!—very good, very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or other!

DUGALD STEWART · 1753–1828

Dugald Stewart, one of the most attractive of all philosophical writers, was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His chief works are *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, and *Philosophical Essays*.

ON THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

From *Philosophical Essays*

In what manner Imagination may be encouraged and cherished in a mind where it had previously made little appearance, may be easily conceived from what was stated in a former Essay, with respect to the peculiar charm which sometimes accompanies the pleasures produced by its ideal combinations, when compared with the corresponding realities in nature and in human life. The eager curiosity of childhood, and the boundless gratification which it is so easy to afford it by well-selected works of fiction, give, in fact, to education a stronger *purchase*, if I may use the expression, over this faculty, than what it possesses over any other. The attention may be thus insensibly seduced from the present objects of the senses, and the thoughts accustomed to dwell on the past, the distant, or the future, and in the same proportion in which this effect is in any instance accomplished, '*the man*,' as Dr Johnson has justly remarked, 'is exalted in the scale of intellectual being.' The tale of fiction will probably be soon laid aside with the toys and rattles of infancy; but the habits which it has contributed to fix, and the powers which it has brought into a state of activity, will remain with the possessor, permanent and inestimable treasures, to his latest hour. To myself, this appears the most solid advantage to be gained from fictitious composition, considered as an engine of early instruction; I mean, the attractions which it holds out for encouraging an intercourse with the authors best fitted to invigorate and enrich the imagination, and to quicken whatever is dormant in the sensibility to beauty; or, to express myself still more plainly, the value of the incidents seems to me to arise chiefly from their tendency to entice the young readers into that fairyland of poetry, where the scenes of romance are laid.—Nor is it to the young alone

that I would confine these observations exclusively. Instances have frequently occurred of individuals, in whom the Power of Imagination has, at a more advanced period of life, been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men, what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures ! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions ! The mind awakening, as if from a trance, to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature ; the intellectual eye is ‘purged of its film,’ and things the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms invisible before. The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul, the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the *pleasures of vicissitude*, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth :

‘The meanest flow’ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are op’ning Paradise’

The effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he had contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous, that our occasional excursions into the regions of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and of the poet, and to seize those ‘happy attitudes of things’ which their taste at first selected ; while, enriched with the accumulations of ages, and with ‘the spoils of time,’ we unconsciously combine with what we see, all that we know, and all that we feel, and sublime the organical beauties of the material world. by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy.

ROBERT HALL: 1764-1831.

The Rev. Robert Hall, one of the greatest of English orators, and perhaps the most famous preacher of his time in England, was a Baptist minister at Cambridge, and afterwards at Leicester and at Bristol. The most celebrated of his writings are, *An Apology for the Freedom of the Press*, and his Sermons, entitled *Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society, Reflections on War, The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis* (1803), and *Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte*.

THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON.

From a Sermon preached before some Volunteers on *The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis*.

In other wars we have been a divided people: the effect of our external operations has been in some measure weakened by intestine dissension. When peace has returned, the breach has widened, while parties have been formed on the merits of particular men, or of particular measures. These have all disappeared: we have buried our mutual animosities in a regard to the common safety. The sentiment of self-preservation, the first law which nature has impressed, has absorbed every other feeling; and the fire of liberty has melted down the discordant sentiments and minds of the British Empire into one mass, and propelled them in one direction. Partial interests and feelings are suspended, the spirits of the body are collected at the heart, and we are awaiting with anxiety, but without dismay, the discharge of that mighty tempest which hangs upon the skirts of the horizon, and to which the eyes of Europe and of the world are turned in silent and awful expectation. While we feel solicitude, let us not betray dejection, nor be alarmed at the past successes of our enemy, which are more dangerous to himself than to us, since they have raised him from obscurity to an elevation which has made him giddy, and tempted him to suppose everything within his power. The intoxication of his success is the omen of his fall. What though he has carried the flames of war throughout Europe, and gathered as a nest the riches of the nations, while none peeped, nor muttered, nor moved the wing; he has yet to try his fortune in another field; he has yet to contend on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders; with a people who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal for their laws and for their prince, are armed in

defence of all that is dear or venerable—their wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God, and the sepulchre of their fathers. We will not suppose there is one who will be deterred from exerting himself in such a cause, by a pusillanimous regard to his safety, when he reflects that he has already lived too long who has survived the ruin of his country, and that he who can enjoy life after such an event, deserves not to have lived at all. It will suffice us, if our mortal existence, which is at most but a span, be co-extended with that of the nation which gave us birth. We will gladly quit the scene, with all that is noble and august, innocent and holy, and instead of wishing to survive the oppression of weakness, the violation of beauty, and the extinction of everything on which the heart can repose, welcome the shades which will hide from our view such horrors. To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished; the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe, and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which

dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence ; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders ; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilised world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen, advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid ; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit ; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part, your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead ; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals ! Your mantle fell when you ascended ; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready ' to swear by Him

that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,' they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, 'gird on Thy sword, thou Most Mighty,' go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ' Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence ' Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes ' Inspire them with Thine own ; and while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire ' 'Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark , and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them '

SYDNEY SMITH 1768-1845

The Rev Sydney Smith, one of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of the age, after officiating for some time as curate of a small country parish in England, became tutor to a son of the squire, and spent nearly five years with his pupil in Edinburgh Here he became acquainted with Jeffrey, Murray, and Brougham, in conjunction with whom he started *The Edinburgh Review* in 1802 In 1804 he settled in London, where he became a highly popular preacher He obtained a living in Yorkshire in 1806, and was made a canon of Bristol in 1828, and of St Paul's in 1831. His works consist of his *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*, *Peter Plymley's Letters on the subject of the Catholics*, *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, and his *Sermons*

EXTRACTS FROM PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS.

You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered ; and for no other reason that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas ! so reasoned, in their time, the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave . so were all these nations You might get together a hundred thousand men individually brave ; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers—they have had no means of acquiring experience ; but I do say it to create alarm ; for we do

not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled. The old edition of *Plutarch's Lives*, which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles, that some maid-of-honour will break away from her captivity and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand, and little Mr Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime, I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer; the next year the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner:

the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it ; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water, till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal : ‘ Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs ? Don’t you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread ? How thankful you were for cheese-parings ? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding ? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer. there are not more than a half-a-dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves ; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion ; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours ; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them.’

Is not this, my dainty Abraham, the very nonsense and the very insult which is talked to and practised upon the Catholics ? You are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice ; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content, and I most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands, till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others.

JOHN FOSTER 1770-1843

The Rev. John Foster, a celebrated essayist, was educated for the Baptist ministry, but devoted his life mainly to literature. His chief works are his *Essays*, four in number, which are considered models of vigorous thought and expression. *The Evils of Popular Ignorance*, in which he urges the necessity of a national system of education, and his *Contributions to the Eclectic Review*.

ON THE GENERAL DEFICIENCY OF SELF-OBSERVATION.

From *Essay On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself*.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of executing the proposed task (the review of a man's past life) will have been caused by the extreme deficiency of that self-observation, which is of no common habit either of youth or any later age. Men are content to have no more intimate sense of their existence than what they feel in the exercise of their faculties on extraneous objects. The vital being, with all its agency and emotions, is so blended and absorbed in these its exterior interests, that it is very rarely collected and concentrated in the consciousness of its own absolute *self*, so as to be recognised as a thing internal, apart and alone, for its own inspection and knowledge. Men carry their minds as for the most part they carry their watches, content to be ignorant of the constitution and action within, and attentive only to the little exterior circle of things, to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing. It is surprising to see how little self-knowledge a person not watchfully observant of himself may have gained, in the whole course of an active, or even an inquisitive life. He may have lived almost an age, and traversed a continent, minutely examining its curiosities, and interpreting the half-obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind, to impress or to erase characteristics of much more importance to him than all the figured brass or marble that Europe contains. After having explored many a cavern or dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess within where there would be much more striking discoveries. He may have conversed with many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects; but, having neglected those conversations with himself by which his whole moral being should have been kept continually disclosed to his view, he is better

qualified perhaps to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trade ; to depict the manners of the Italians, or the Turks ; to narrate the proceedings of the Jesuits, or the adventures of the gypsies ; than to write the history of his own mind

If we had practised habitual self-observation, we could not have failed to be made aware of much that it had been well for us to know. There have been thousands of feelings, each of which, if strongly seized upon, and made the subject of reflection, would have shewn us what our character was, and what it was likely to become. There have been numerous incidents, which operated on us as tests, and so fully brought out our prevailing quality, that another person, who should have been discriminatively observing us, would speedily have formed a decided estimate. But unfortunately the mind is generally too much occupied by the feeling or the incident itself, to have the slightest care or consciousness that anything *could* be learnt, or *is* disclosed. In very early youth it is almost inevitable for it to be thus lost to itself even amidst its own feelings, and the external objects of attention ; but it seems a contemptible thing, and certainly is a criminal and dangerous thing, for a man in mature life to allow himself this thoughtless escape from self-examination.

We have not only neglected to observe what our feelings indicated, but have also in a very great degree ceased to remember what they were. We may wonder how we could pass away successively from so many scenes and conjunctures, each in its time of no trifling moment in our apprehension, and retain so light an impression, that we have now nothing distinctly to tell about what once excited our utmost emotion. As to my own mind, I perceive that it is becoming uncertain of the exact nature of many feelings of considerable interest, even of comparatively recent date ; and that the remembrance of what was felt in very early life has nearly faded away. I have just been observing several children of eight or ten years old, in all the active vivacity which enjoys the plenitude of the moment without 'looking before or after ;' and while observing, I attempted, but without success, to recollect what I was at that age. I can indeed remember the principal events of the period, and the actions and projects to which my feelings impelled me ; but the feelings themselves, in their own pure juvenility, cannot be revived so as to be described and placed in comparison with those of later life. What is become of all those vernal fancies

which had so much power to touch the heart? What a number of sentiments have lived and revelled in the soul that are now irrevocably gone! They died like the singing-birds of that time, which sing no more. The life we then had, now seems almost as if it could not have been our own. We are like a man returning, after the absence of many years, to visit the imbowered cottage where he passed the morning of his life, and finding only a relic of its ruins.

Thus an oblivious shade is spread over that early tract of our time, where some of the acquired propensities which remain in force to this hour may have had their origin, in a manner of which we had then no thought or consciousness. When we met with the incident, or heard the conversation, or saw the spectacle, or felt the emotion, which were the first causes or occasions of some of the chief permanent tendencies of future life, how little could we think that long afterwards we might be curiously and in vain desirous to investigate those tendencies back to their origin.

SIR WALTER SCOTT 1771-1832

Walter Scott, the son of a writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated for the bar, to which he was called in 1792. In 1799 he was appointed sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire. From 1805 to 1814 he published the poems which secured for him a place among the greatest of living poets. In 1814 appeared *Waverley*, a tale of the rebellion of 1745, the first of the long series of brilliant fictions which issued from his pen from 1814 to 1831, and which have placed their author at the head of English novelists. Besides his novels, Scott wrote many other prose works, the chief of which are his *Life and Works of Dryden*, and of *Swift*, *Lives of the Novelists*, *Life of Napoleon*, and *Tales of a Grandfather*. Scott was created a baronet in 1820.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN IVANHOE AND BOIS-GUILBERT.

From *Ivanhoe*

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chain placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind, and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarise her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand-master had assumed his seat ; and when the chivalry of his order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand-master.

‘Valorous Lord, and reverend Father’ said he, ‘here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence’s feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress ;—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honourable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.’

‘Hath he made oath,’ said the Grand-master, ‘that his quarrel is just and honourable ? Bring forward the Crucifix and the *Tergitur*.’¹

‘Sir, and most reverend father,’ answered Malvoisin readily, ‘our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good Knight Comrade de Mont-Fitchet ; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath’

The Grand-master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud. ‘Oyez, oyez, oyez.’² Here standeth the good Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body, and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand-master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat’ The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

‘No champion appears for the appellant,’ said the Grand-master. ‘Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause.’ The herald went to the chair in which

¹The name of a service book, so called from the first words. ²Hear, hear, hear.

Rebecca was seated, and spoke to her in these terms : ‘ Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand-master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom ? ’

‘ Say to the Grand-master,’ replied Rebecca, ‘ that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man’s extremity, will raise me up a deliverer ; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done ! ’ The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand-master.

‘ God forbid,’ said Lucas Beaumanoir, ‘ that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice ! ’ Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death ! ’

The herald communicated the words of the Grand-master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards Heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man.

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion. It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery ; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed ‘ A champion ! a champion ! ’ And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly. ‘ I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York ; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to

be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight.'

'The stranger must first shew,' said Malvoisin, 'that he is good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men'

'My name,' said the Knight, raising his helmet, 'is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe'

'I will not fight with thee at present,' said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. 'Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade.'

'Ha! proud Templar,' said Ivanhoe, 'hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the passage of arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court of Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without further delay.'

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe 'Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!'

'Does the Grand-master allow me the combat?' said Ivanhoe.

'I may not deny what thou hast challenged,' said the Grand-master, 'provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with'

'Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise,' said Ivanhoe; 'it is the judgment of God—to His keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca,' said he, riding up to the fatal chair, 'dost thou accept of me for thy champion?'

'I do,' she said—'I do'—fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce—'I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?'

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice: '*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers*'¹ After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand-master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.²

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

'Slay him not, Sir Knight,' cried the Grand-master, 'unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished'

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

'This is indeed the judgment of God,' said the Grand-master looking upwards—'*Frat voluntas tua!*'³

¹ Do your duties, valiant knights

² Let go

³ Thy will be done.

FRANCIS JEFFREY. 1773—1850.

Jeffrey, an Edinburgh advocate, the most celebrated critic and essayist of his time, was editor of *The Edinburgh Review* from 1803 until 1829, when he retired on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. Next year he became Lord Advocate, and in 1834 was raised to the bench. His more important essays have been published under the title of *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*.

THE PERISHABLE NATURE OF POETICAL FAME,

From a review of Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets* in
The Edinburgh Review, 1819

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature—the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now, the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, then, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion, and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat*¹ be generally oracular, its *percat*² appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and

¹ Let it live.

² Let it perish.

while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance ; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste ; for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever ; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless, and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall ; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the present, however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away ; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *land* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived ; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler flame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live ; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if

this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919 ! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers ; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great-grandchildren ? The thought, we own, is a little appalling ; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey ; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded ! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas ! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries ; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *shorthand reading* invented, or all reading will be given up in despair.

JAMES WATT.—THE STEAM-ENGINE

From the *Scotsman* of 4th September 1819

Mr James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th of August 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours, for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours, and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have gathered ‘all its fame.’ We have said that Mr Watt was the great *Improver* of the steam-engine ; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he

should rather be described as its *Inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It was our improved Steam-engine, in short, that fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged [1819], with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments; and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing! And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

THOMAS CHALMERS: 1780-1847

Dr Chalmers, one of the greatest pulpit orators of the century, was the son of a merchant in Fifeshire. He became minister of Kilmany in Fife in 1803. His growing reputation as an orator led to his removal to Glasgow in 1815, whence his fame as a preacher and author became diffused throughout Europe. In 1823 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews, and in 1828 Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. At the secession from the Church of Scotland in 1843, he relinquished his appointment, and became one of the founders of the Free Church. His collected works fill thirty-four volumes, of which the more important are his *Natural Theology*, *Evidences of Christianity*, *Moral Philosophy*, and *Astronomical Discourses*.

THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EARTH.

From *Astronomical Discourses*.

Though this earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were to be put out for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and adored by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them? and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest

accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients, and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and

gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man, and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. 1778—1830.

Hazlitt, one of our best critical essayists, was originally an artist. In 1803 he became an author, and continued throughout his life to contribute to the literary and political journals. His most elaborate work was a *Life of Napoleon*, but he is chiefly known by his *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, *Table Talk*, *The Spirit of the Age*, and *Lectures on the English Poets*.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

From *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*.

Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. But are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself 'too much i' th' sun,' whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known 'the pangs of despised love,

the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes ;' he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady ; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things ; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre : whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought ; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing ; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play, as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life, by a mock-representation of them—— This is the true Hamlet

We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticise it, any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves ; because he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser, and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a common-place pedant. If Lear shews the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. There is no attempt to force an interest : everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort, the incidents succeed each other as matters of course : the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a bystander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise.

CHARLES LAMB. 1775-1836.

Charles Lamb, a poet and a delightful essayist, was a clerk in the India House. He wrote a tragedy named *John Woodvil*, *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare*, and several Poems, but his fame rests chiefly on his *Essays by Elia*, contributed to *The London Magazine*

THE HOMES OF THE VERY POOR. From *Essays of Elia*

Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes—the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home which he cannot find at home. For a starved grate and a scanty firing that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children, with their mother, he finds in the depths of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by. Instead of the clamours of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man has no visitors. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics. At home there are no politics stirring, but the domestic. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general existence, are crushed in the absorbing consideration of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread, news is senseless and unpertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has a sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it, and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home.

All this while he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some clean contented family like that which

they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their goodman to the door of the public-house which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery—is that a face to stay at home with? Is it more a woman, or a wild cat? Alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share? what burdens can it lighten? Oh, 'tis fine to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his children takes the sting out of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. 'Poor people,' said a sensible old nurse to us once, 'do not bring up their children—they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it; no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said, that a 'babe is fed with milk and praise.' But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless oburgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child, the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed that puts a stop to present suffering, and awakens the passions of young wonder. It was never sung to; no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed—a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace—it never makes him young again with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the

very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl—a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery-books, of summer holidays (fitting that age), of the promised sight of plays, of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals or potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs, it is knowing, acute, sharpened, it never prattles. Had we not reason to say that the home of the very poor is no home?

HENRY HALLAM 1777-1859

Hallam, one of the greatest historical writers of the period, was first known by his contributions to *The Edinburgh Review*. His chief works are a *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II.*, and an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries*.

EFFECTS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

From Europe During the Middle Ages

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilisation of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal, was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private

rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbours. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally extensive with that of Charlemagne, and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the

immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But as a school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman Empire into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

ROBERT SOUTHEY 1774-1843.

Southey, a poet of the first rank, wrote numerous miscellaneous works in prose, the most important of which are, *The Doctor*, *The History of the Peninsular War*, *The Life of Nelson*, *The Life of Wesley*, and *Lives of the British Admirals*. None of them has ever been popular, with the exception of *The Life of Nelson*, which is generally acknowledged to be the best biographical production of the age.

ON THE DEATH OF NELSON. From his *Life of Nelson*.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our

admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated but destroyed ; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and ‘old men from the chimney-corner’ to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated indeed with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy ; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas ; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength ; for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful, that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory ; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.

WASHINGTON IRVING: 1783-1859

Irving, a distinguished American author, was born in New York. His chief works are his *Sketch-Book*, a series of tales and essays, remarkable for exquisite taste and graceful diction, *Bracebridge Hall*, a delineation of old English manners, *Tales of a Traveller*, another series of tales and sketches, *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *Mahomet and his Successors*, and a *Life of Washington*.

RURAL SCENERY IN ENGLAND From *The Sketch-Book*.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage, the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake, the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters, while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery, but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle-life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand, and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water. all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country, has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge—the grass-plot before the door—the little flower-bed,

bordered with snug box—the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice—the pot of flowers in the window—the holly, providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside—all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. . . .

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations, has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home-scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery, is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal, its Gothic tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedges, according to an immemorial right of way—the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

JOHN WILSON · 1785—1854

John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, is highly distinguished both as a poet and prose writer. Most of his prose works originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They consist of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and *Recreations of Christopher North*.

THE HEADSTONE From *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.

The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully-cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the churchyard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the churchyard. Here, some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of a few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands, quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbours were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group; while a few yards further removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice, that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere but unpassioned grief. They were brothers,

the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them, for a longer time, and more intently, than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two Brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these Brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favour—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations—unaccommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if anything could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods were falling down upon their father's coffin. And, doubtless, their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shewn; and these two Brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A Headstone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder Brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones, chiseled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger Brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders: 'William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as

you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favourite son ; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not ?'

During these words, the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder Brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory, so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected ' by his affectionate sons.' The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly . ' Yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, Brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may, but I acknowledge and respect your worth ; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on better and other terms with you, and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us, at least, Brother, bar out all unkindness.'

The minister, who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the churchyard, now came forward, and asked the elder Brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart—for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently .

' Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell.'

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt, and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept.

' Give me your hand, Brother ;' and it was given, while a

murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely towards each other.

As the Brothers stood fervently, but composedly, grasping each other's hands, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and that of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said: 'I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent, nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him.

"My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing"

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the Brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The Brothers themselves walked away from the churchyard, arm-in-arm with the minister, to the manse. On the following Sabbath they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the Brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.



PROSE WRITERS. 1830-1860

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON: 1792-1867.

Archibald Alison, eminent as a historian, was called to the bar in 1814. He became sheriff of Lanarkshire in 1834, and was created a baronet in 1852. He is author of *The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons*, and its continuation *from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon*; a *Life of Marlborough*; and *Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*.

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILE. From *The History of Europe*.

The old castle of the Bastille was surrounded by eight lofty round towers, the walls of which were six feet in thickness, and they were joined to each other by a wall still more massy, being no less than nine feet across. Its entry was at the extremity of the Rue St Antoine; above the principal gate was a considerable magazine of arms, but they had all been removed to the Invalides shortly before, with the exception of six hundred muskets, which had been withdrawn into the interior of the building. Within the exterior walls was, as in all other castles of considerable extent, an interior court, in which were the barracks of the troops and stables of the governor; access could be obtained to this court both by the principal gate, fronting the Rue St Antoine, and by another entrance on the side of the arsenal, which was, in the same manner as the first, defended by a drawbridge over the ditch, which entirely surrounded the edifice. Within this outer, was another inner court, separated from the first by a dry ditch, traversed by a drawbridge, defended by a strong guard-house, intended as the last refuge of the besieged if the outer house was carried, and in it was the governor's house. After passing through this interior court, access was obtained by an iron gate to the great court, within the donjon, which was a hundred feet long by seventy broad, surrounded by the state prison, flanked by lofty towers, and in which the captives were allowed to take the air. The exterior ditch was usually dry, except in wet weather, or when the Seine was high,

with which it communicated ; but as the outer wall of the donjon was thirty-six feet in height, and exposed to a flanking fire from the towers, which were forty-six feet in elevation, the place was considered impregnable, except by regular approaches, and so it was, if it had been regularly garrisoned and provisioned.

Belon and Thuriot,¹ being satisfied that no offensive measures were intended by the governor, withdrew, and endeavoured to persuade the crowd that their alarm was groundless. But the capture of the fortress had been resolved on, and the multitude, every instant increasing, surged round the whole walls. While the whole attention of the garrison was fixed on the principal gate, two old soldiers, named Louis Tournay and Aubin Bonnemère, mounting on the roof of a house which rested on the ramparts, contrived to reach the top of the parapet, and descended into the court where the governor's house stood, which they found deserted—as the garrison, with the exception of the guard at the outer gate, had all been withdrawn into the keep. Seizing a hatchet, which they found lying in the court, these brave men succeeded in cutting the chains of a little drawbridge which admitted foot-passengers from the outside, and thus gave an entry to several of the insurgents, who speedily cut the chains of the principal bridge, which fell with a terrible crash. Instantly the crowd rushed in, the governor's house was immediately inundated ; and pillage had already commenced, when Delaunay ordered a fire of musketry from the top of the walls of the donjon into the court, which was filled with people, and the ditches. Several of the assailants fell ; the court was cleared in an instant ; but the combat continued round the drawbridge, and a sharp fire of musketry was kept up on both sides. Still the governor declined to fire the great guns on the top of the castle, which, loaded with grape, and discharged down on the dense crowd in front of the fortress, would have occasioned a frightful loss of human life, but must speedily have driven back the assailants.

Matters were in this state when a battalion of the Gardes Françaises arrived, with part of the guns taken that morning from the Invalides. This powerful reinforcement, and still more the skill which they communicated to the assault, had a decisive effect. Their first care was to station a large part of their number on the roofs and at the windows of the adjoining houses, who kept up a heavy and well-sustained fire on the ramparts ; while, at the same

¹ A deputation from the crowd

time, the guns began to batter the exterior walls. Meanwhile the crowd, who had broken into the outer court, returned, under cover of the fire of the cannon, and set fire to the governor's house, which was speedily in flames.

After the conflict had continued in this manner for above three hours, without the guns of the fortress being once fired, the besieged repelling the attack with musketry only, a deputation from the Hotel de Ville, preceded by a flag of truce, and headed by Ethys de Corny, arrived at the principal gate of the Bastille. They were admitted into the first court; but Delaunay, perceiving that the pillage of his house and the conflagration of the buildings around it continued, and that the attack on the inner drawbridge went on with undiminished vigour, ordered the fire of musketry to be renewed, which, without injuring any person, drove the deputation back out of the court.¹ At the same time, one of the great guns, the only one which was fired during the assault, was discharged from the top of the towers down the Rue Saint Antoine, but did very little damage. Two other deputations afterwards arrived, but they returned to the Hotel de Ville without even entering the fortress, alleging they could not do so for the fire of the garrison. Meanwhile Delaunay was sorely beset—the French Invalids, swayed by seeing the uniforms of the Gardes Françaises among the assailants, vehemently urging him to surrender; the Swiss, who, though only thirty in number, had alone been hearty in the cause, with the heroic constancy of their nation insisting that he should hold out. Finding the outer gate carried, he withdrew the garrison into the inner court or keep of the castle, hoping he would be able to hold out till the Baron de Besenval, who commanded the troops in the Champ de Mars, should send forces to his succour, as he had promised. But Besenval had himself received no orders

¹ 'You see,' said Delaunay to his soldiers, 'this deputation is not from the town, it is a white flag of which the people have got possession, and with which they seek to surprise us. If they had been really deputies, they would never have hesitated, after the promises you made them, to have come forward to make us acquainted with the intentions of the Hotel de Ville.'—*Deux Amis*, ii. 322, 323. The letter which they bore was in these terms, to which Delaunay could never have acceded. 'The permanent committee of the Parisian militia, considering that there should not be in Paris any military force which is not under the control of the town, charges the deputies, whom it sends to M. le Marquis Delaunay, commandant of the Bastille, to inquire of him whether he is willing to admit into the place the troops of the Parisian militia, to keep guard jointly with his troops, who are to be at the disposal of the civic authorities.'—14th July 1789; DE FLESSELLES, *Prévoit des Marchands*; *Ibid.* ii. 326.

from the Duke de Broglie that day, though three successive couriers had been sent soliciting them : his previous orders were not to fire on the people. The disposition of his troops was more than doubtful ; and he had found that acting with energy at Reveillon's not only brought him into obloquy with the court. In these circumstances, after remaining for some hours a prey to the most cruel irresolution, he took the determination of retiring with his whole troops, which he did first to Sèvres, and before night to Versailles

Deserted thus in his last extremity by the external aid on which he had calculated, with a garrison of eighty wavering French, and only thirty Swiss on whom he could rely, in the midst of fifty thousand insurgents and two thousand French Guards, the brave Delaunay took the only resolution which a high sense of military honour permitted—he resolved to perish rather than submit. Seizing a lighted match from one of the gunners on the ramparts, he rushed towards the magazine, which contained two hundred and fifty barrels of powder, with the design of blowing the whole fortress into the air ; but he was seized, and forcibly withheld by the soldiers. With piteous entreaties he besought these men to give him one barrel of powder ; but they sternly repelled him with the bayonet at his breast. ‘Let us then,’ said he, ‘at least, reascend the towers ; and since we must die, let us die with arms in our hands, bury ourselves under the ruins of the Bastile, and render our death fatal to our implacable enemies.’ But the French soldiers, crowding round him, all declared that they would no longer fight against their fellow-citizens, and that they insisted on a capitulation. ‘Well then,’ said Delaunay at last, ‘beat a parley, hoist a white flag, and see if you can obtain a promise that you shall not be massacred.’ Upon this M. de Flue, a Swiss ensign, wrote on a piece of paper these words. ‘We have twenty thousand barrels of powder ; we will blow up the Bastile and all the adjacent quarter of Paris, if you do not agree to a capitulation, and guarantee our lives.’ With some difficulty, one of the insurgents, named Maillard, got possession of this writing, which was pushed on the end of a pike over the drawbridge, and being brought to Elie and Hullin, officers of the Gardes Françaises, who commanded the assailants, they exclaimed : ‘On the honour of French soldiers, no injury shall be done to you.’ Upon this assurance, Delaunay lowered the drawbridge leading to the inner tower, and the infuriated multitude instantly rushed in.

THOMAS CARLYLE: 1795-1881.

Carlyle studied for the church, but, after a short period spent in teaching he embraced literature as a profession. His first efforts were contributions to *The Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, and a *Life of Schiller* and a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. In 1833-1834 appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* his *Sartor Resartus* (The Tailor Done Over), professedly a review of a German work on dress, but the hero of which is made to illustrate the transcendentalism of Fichte. Of his subsequent works, the most important are his *History of the French Revolution*, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, and *The History of Friedrich II of Prussia*, called *Frederick the Great*. He has also issued *The Life of John Sterling*, and several lectures and political tracts.

LABOUR. From *Past and Present*.

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature, the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself:' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in work;' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a chaos, but a round compacted world. What would become of the earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the potter's wheel—one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man, the kindest destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his god-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working. the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone.'

W. H. PRESCOTT: 1796--1859.

Prescott, a celebrated American historian, ranks with Robertson as a master of the art of narrative, while he excels him in the variety of his illustrative researches. His works are *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru*, and *The History of Philip II of Spain*.

FATAL VISIT OF THE INCA TO PIZARRO

IN THE CITY OF CAXAMALCA.

From *The Conquest of Peru*.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, 'Where are the strangers?'

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had

come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four'. But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied: 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my god still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said

these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed: 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: 'Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen

rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards, and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice. 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca,' and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla*¹ was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete,

¹ In Spanish, a cap with a tassel of gold or silver lace, or sometimes of feathers.

and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph shewed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON 1805–1873.

Bulwer Lytton has obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition—but it is on his novels that his fame chiefly rests. Of his numerous works of fiction, the more important are the historical romances, entitled *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Harold*, *The Last of the Barons*, and his tales of English life, *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What Will He do with It?* His *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* are among the most popular of modern English plays. Lytton entered parliament in 1831. He received a baronetcy in 1835, and in 1858 he joined the administration of Lord Derby as Secretary for Colonial Affairs.

THE PARISH STOCKS From *My Novel*

‘There has never been occasion to use them since I’ve been in the parish,’ said Parson Dale.

‘What does that prove?’ quoth the Squire sharply, and looking the Parson full in the face.

‘Prove!’ repeated Mr Dale, with a smile of benign, yet too conscious superiority—‘What does experience prove?’

‘That your forefathers were great blockheads, and that their descendant is not a whit the wiser.’

‘Squire,’ replied the Parson, ‘although that is a melancholy conclusion, yet if you mean it to apply universally, and not to the family of the Dales in particular, it is not one which my candour as a reasoner, and my humility as a mortal, will permit me to challenge.’

‘I defy you,’ said Mr Hazeldean, triumphantly. ‘But to stick to the subject (which it is monstrous hard to do when one talks with a parson), I only just ask you to look yonder, and tell me on your conscience—I don’t even say as a parson, but as a parishioner—whether you ever saw a more disreputable spectacle?’

While he spoke, the Squire, leaning heavily on the Parson’s left shoulder, extended his cane in a line parallel with the right eye of that disputatious ecclesiastic, so that he might guide the organ of sight to the object he had thus unflatteringly described.

‘I confess,’ said the Parson, ‘that, regarded by the eye of the senses, it is a thing that in its best day had small pretensions to beauty, and is not elevated into the picturesque even by neglect and decay. But, my friend, regarded by the eye of the inner man—of the rural philosopher and parochial legislator—I say it is by neglect and decay that it is rendered a very pleasing feature in what I may call “the moral topography of a parish”

The Squire looked at the Parson as if he could have beaten him; and, indeed, regarding the object in dispute not only with the eye of the outer man, but the eye of law and order, the eye of a country gentleman and a justice of the peace, the spectacle *was* scandalously disreputable. It was moss-grown; it was worm-eaten; it was broken right in the middle, through its four socketless eyes, neighboured by the nettle, peered the thistle—the thistle!—a forest of thistles!—and, to complete the degradation of the whole, those thistles had attracted the donkey of an itinerant tinker; and the irreverent animal was in the very act of taking his luncheon out of the eyes and jaws of—THE PARISH STOCKS.

The Squire looked as if he could have beaten the Parson, but as he was not without some slight command of temper, and a substitute was luckily at hand, he gulped down his resentment, and made a rush—at the donkey!

Now the donkey was hampered by a rope to its forefeet, to the which was attached a billet of wood, called technically ‘a clog,’ so that it had no fair chance of escape from the assault its sacrilegious luncheon had justly provoked. But, the ass turning round with unusual nimbleness at the first stroke of the cane, the Squire caught his foot in the rope, and went head over heels among the thistles. The donkey gravely bent down, and thrice smelt or sniffed its prostrate foe; then, having convinced itself that it had nothing further to apprehend for the present, and very willing to make the best of the reprieve, according to the poetical admonition,

Gather your rosebuds while you may,' it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the Squire;—so close, indeed, that the Parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the Squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature, bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a View-hallo!

'Bless me, is it gone?' said the Parson, thrusting his person between the ass and the Squire.

'Zounds and the devil!' cried the Squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

'Hush,' said the Parson, gently. 'What a horrible oath!'

'Horrible oath! If you had my nankeens on,' said the Squire, still rubbing himself, 'and had fallen into a thicket of thistles with a donkey's teeth within an inch of your ear!'—

'It is not gone—then?' interrupted the Parson.

'No—that is, I think not,' said the Squire, dubiously; and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. 'No! it is not gone!'

'Thank heaven!' said the good clergyman kindly.

'Hum,' growled the Squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. 'Thank heaven, indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine! I should just like to know what use thistles are in the world.'

'For donkeys to eat, if you will let them, Squire,' answered the Parson.

'Ugh, you beast!' cried Mr Hazeldean, all his wrath reawakened, whether by the reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the Parson, or perhaps by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking: 'Ugh, you beast!' he exclaimed, shaking his cane at the donkey, which, at the interposition of the Parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its forelegs—for the flies teased it.

'Poor thing!' said the Parson, pityingly. 'See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore.'

'I am devilish glad to hear it,' said the Squire, vindictively.

'Fie, fie!'

'It is very well to say "Fie, fie." It was not you who fell among the thistles. What's the man about now, I wonder?'

The Parson had walked towards a chestnut-tree that stood on the village green—he broke off a bough—returned to the donkey—whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves

over the sore, as a protection from the swarms. The donkey turned round its head, and looked at him with mild wonder.

‘I would bet a shilling,’ said the Parson, softly, ‘that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is, Heaven knows.’

With that the Parson put his hand into his pocket, and drew out an apple. It was a fine large rose-cheeked apple; one of the last winter’s store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as a present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday School. ‘Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference,’ muttered the Parson. The ass pricked up one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. ‘But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with twopence; and what could twopence do to thee?’ The ass’s nose now touched the apple. ‘Take it in the name of Charity,’ quoth the Parson; ‘Justice is accustomed to be served last:’ and the ass took the apple. ‘How had you the heart!’ said the Parson, pointing to the Squire’s cane.

The ass stopped munching, and looked askant at the Squire.

‘Pooh! eat on; he’ll not beat thee now!’

‘No,’ said the Squire, apologetically. ‘But, after all, he is not an Ass of the Parish; he is a vagrant, and he ought to be pounded. But the pound is in as bad a state as the stocks, thanks to your new-fashioned doctrines.’

‘New fashioned!’ cried the Parson almost indignantly, for he had a great disdain of new fashions. ‘They are as old as Christianity; nay, as old as Paradise, which you will observe is derived from a Greek, or rather a Persian word, and means something more than “garden,” corresponding (pursued the Parson rather pedantically) with the Latin *vivarium*—viz., grove or park full of innocent dumb creatures. Depend on it, donkeys were allowed to eat thistles there.’

‘Very possibly,’ said the Squire, drily. ‘But Hazeldean, though a very pretty village, is not Paradise. The stocks shall be mended to-morrow—ay, and the pound too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name’s Hazeldean.’

‘Then,’ said the Parson, gravely, ‘I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying.’

CHARLES DICKENS. 1812-1870.

Charles Dickens, the most popular novelist of his time, began life as a parliamentary reporter. His first appearance as an author was as a contributor of sketches of character and city-life to *The Morning Chronicle*, to the staff of which he was attached. These were republished in 1836 under the title of *Sketches by Boz*. Next year he commenced *The Pickwick Papers*, a humorous work exhibiting the life and manners of the middle and lower classes, the publication of which at once placed him at the head of contemporary novelists. His next work, *Nicholas Nickleby*, was the first of those social novels which form so marked a feature in modern literature. His other works are *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *David Copperfield*, *American Notes*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the result of a visit to America, *Dombey and Son*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and a charming series of Christmas tales, among which are *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL. From *The Old Curiosity Shop*,

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. 'When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always' Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead; and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

‘It is not,’ said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, ‘it is not on earth that Heaven’s justice ends. Think what it is compared with the World to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!’

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said ‘God bless you!’ with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer’s evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as

soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay upon her breast. It was he who had come to the window overnight and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone ; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish ; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now ; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it ; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its

mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burthen softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

LORD MACAULAY: 1800-1859

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most celebrated historian of the time, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, was called to the bar in 1826. A few months before this he had become famous by an article on 'Milton' in *The Edinburgh Review*. In 1830 he entered the House of Commons, where he won considerable reputation as an orator. From 1834 to 1838 he served as a member of the Supreme Council in India. In 1840 he became Secretary at War, and while holding this office composed the magnificent martial ballads, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. In 1843 he published a collection of his *Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review*, a series unequalled in our literature. His great historical work, *The History of England from the Accession of James II.*, appeared from 1848 to 1861. The work is unfinished, the history terminating with the death of William III. Macaulay was raised to the peerage in 1857.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688-1689. From *The History of England*.

On the morning of Wednesday the 13th of February [1689] the court of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the master-piece of Inigo, embellished by master-pieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the northern door, on the right hand, a large number of Peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The southern door opened; and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both Houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left stood forth; and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed Their Highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the Estates of the Realm, requested the Prince and Princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name, and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. 'We thankfully accept,' he said, 'what you have offered us.' Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which

he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct ; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom ; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle drums struck up ; the trumpets pealed. and Garter King-at-Arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England, charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns, and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our Church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have during the last sixty years overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. Why that character was so peculiar is sufficiently obvious, and yet seems not to have been always understood either by eulogists or by censors. The continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money had, during many generations, been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct, that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty, that they

should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system, and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation, had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or Naples; had our Kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the furthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dented with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill-poised constitutions should we have set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half a century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

These calamities our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigour. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument; but they were to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no legislative act could be passed, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up, that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, that no tool of power could plead the royal command as a justification for violating any right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm. A realm of which these were the fundamental laws stood in no need of a new constitution.

But though a new constitution was not needed, it was plain that changes were required. The misgovernment of the Stuarts, and the troubles which that misgovernment had produced, sufficiently proved that there was somewhere a defect in our polity; and that defect it was the duty of the Convention to discover and to supply. . . . The Convention had two great duties to perform. The first was to clear the fundamental laws of the realm from ambiguity. The second was to eradicate from the minds, both of the governors and the governed, the false and pernicious notion that the royal prerogative was something more sublime and holy than those fundamental laws. The former object was attained by the solemn recital and claim with which the Declaration of Right commences; the latter, by the resolution which pronounced the throne vacant, and invited William and Mary to fill it. . . .

The highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction, daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the constitution requires may be found within the constitution itself.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: 1811-1863.

Thackeray, the greatest novelist that has appeared since the days of Scott, was born at Calcutta. He was educated at the Charter House, London, and at Cambridge. After spending some years in the study of art, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1848. He first became known as a writer by his contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. The columns of *Punch* were next enlivened by his witty and ironical sketches. His first novel, *Vanity Fair*, appeared in 1845, and secured for him a reputation as the first of living novelists, and the greatest social satirist of the age. His other novels are *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and *Lovel the Widower and Philip*, contributed to *The Cornhill Magazine*, of which he was for some time editor. His Lectures on *The English Humorists*, and on *The Four Georges*, were delivered with great success both in England and America.

THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME.

From *The Newcomes*.

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days, the fever, which had attacked him, left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered inadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr Goodenough, came to him; he hoped too: but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes, or the

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gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it, he would like to see the game, he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre,*¹ little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, 'Toujours, toujours!'² But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the latter came to us who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance, Madame de Florac started up. 'He is very bad, he wanders a great deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards, Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for awhile. then again he would sigh and be still. once more I heard him say hurriedly. 'Take care of him when I'm in India,' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, 'Léonore, Léonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!'³

¹ Go, run.² Always, always.³ I am present.

and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called ; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master

THE LAST DAYS OF GEORGE III. From *The Four Georges*.

All the world knows the story of his malady : all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason. Wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast, the star of his famous order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless, he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had ; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

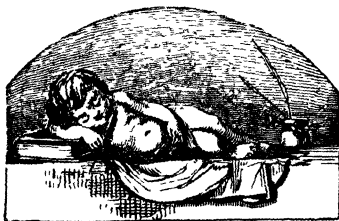
What preacher need moralise on this story ? what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it ? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers !' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers ! speaking the same dear mother-tongue : O comrades ! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle ! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest ; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands ; with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

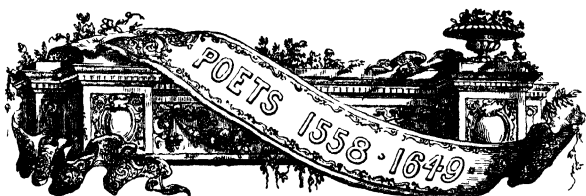
untimely. Our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries
"Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound.
Trumpets, a mournful march Fall, dark curtain upon his pageant,
his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!



READINGS
IN
ENGLISH POETRY



THOMAS SACKVILLE: 1536-1608.

Thomas Sackville, while a student of law in the Inner Temple, composed the play of *Gorboduc*, the earliest known specimen of tragedy in the language. He is said to have planned *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, a series of legends, in which all the great in English history were to pass in review before the reader, each telling his own story as a warning or mirror to rulers. Sackville's contributions to it, however, were confined to *The Induction* and *The Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*, the former of which is characterised by a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters scarcely inferior to Spenser. Sackville ultimately became Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, and Lord High Treasurer of England.

SLEEP. From *The Induction to the Mirrour for Magistrates*.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;
Small *keep* took he, whom Fortune frowned on, care
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead-alive, of life he drew the breath .

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's *fare* was he, companion
And of our life in earth the better part ;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see bereaver
Things oft that *tyde*, and oft that never be ; betide
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Cræsus'¹ pomp and Iru's'² poverty.

¹ A king of Lydia, noted for his riches

² A beggar in the house of Ulysses at Ithaca.

OLD AGE. From the same.

And next in order sad, Old Age we found :
 His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
 With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where nature him assigned
 To rest, when that the *Sisters* had untwined
 His vital thread, and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast declining life

the Fates

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
 Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
 And all for nought his wretched mind torment
 With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
 And fresh delights of lusty youth *forewaste* ,
 Recounting which, how would he sob and shrick.
 And to be young again of Jove beseech !

wasted away

But, *an* the cruel fates so fixed be
 That time forepast cannot return again,
 This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
 That, in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
 As *Elde*, accompanied with her loathsome train,
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
 He might a while yet linger forth his life,

”

old age

And not so soon descend into the pit ,
 Where death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
 With reckless hand in grave doth cover it
 Thereafter never to enjoy again
 The gladsome light, but, in the ground *glam*,
 In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
 As he had ne’er into the world been brought

land

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed ;
 Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four ;
 With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;
 His scalp all *piled*, and he with elde forelore,
 His withered fist still knocking at death’s door ;
 Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath ;
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

deprived of hair

EDMUND SPENSER: 1553-1598

Spenser, a native of London, was educated at Cambridge, and entered life under the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester. To the former he dedicated his *Shepherd's Calendar*, a pastoral poem, in twelve eclogues, one for each month. Spenser accompanied Lord Grey, the Lord-deputy of Ireland, in the capacity of secretary, and soon afterwards received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of the estate of Kilcolman, near Cork. Here he wrote *The Faerie Queene*, an elaborate allegorical poem, designed to celebrate the principal virtues. These are personified by knights, whose characters and adventures are also made to represent historical personages and events. Besides *The Faerie Queene*, which is regarded as one of the greatest compositions in English poetry, Spenser wrote several other poems, and a political treatise on *The State of Ireland*. In consequence of Tyrone's rebellion, Spenser was forced to fly from his estate, and seek refuge in London, where he died a few months after, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among English poets, Spenser is excelled only by Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton.

THE OPENING STANZAS OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

Contayning the Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse or of Holinesse.

A gentle Knight was <i>pricking</i> on the plaine,	<i>riding</i>
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,	
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,	
The cruel markes of many a bloody field ;	
Yet armes till that time did he never wield :	
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,	
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :	
Full iolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,	
As one for knightly <i>giusts</i> and fierce encounters fitt	<i>jousts</i>
And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,	
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,	
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore.	
And dead, as living ever, him adored :	
Upon his shield the like was also scored,	
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.	
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;	
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;	
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was <i>ydrad</i>	<i>feared</i>

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave
 (That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond),
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white *than* snow ;
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that *wimpled* was full low ; *drawn down*
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw .
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
 And by her in a line a mulke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ,
 Till that infernal Feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
 And angry Love an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his *lemans*¹ lap so fast, *sweetheart's*
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
 And this faire couple *eke* to shroud themselves were fain. *also*

¹ The earth's.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
 Did spred so broad, that Heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr :
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr :
 Faire harbour that them seems ; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therem shrouded from the tempest died,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and *hy*, *high*
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all ;
 The aspine good for staves ; the cypresse funerall ;

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours ;
 The *eugh*, obedient to the benders will ; *yew*
 The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitful olive ; and the *platane* round ; *plane-tree*
 The carver holme ; the maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;
 When, weening to retorne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

THE SEASONS. From *The Faerie Queene*, Book vii. Canto 7

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare :

First, lusty Spring all *dight* in leaves of flowres adorned

That freshly budded and new bloosines did beare,

In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,

That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ,

And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,

And on his head (as fit for warlike *stoures*) encounters

A *gault* engraven *morion* he did weare ; gilded, helmet

That as some did him love, so others did him feare

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight

In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,

That was unlyned all, to be more light :

And on his head a girlond well beseene

He wore, from which, as he had *chauffed* been, heated

The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore

A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene

Had hunted late the *libbard* or the bore, leopard

And now would bathe his limbes with labour heated sore

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,

As though he ioyed in his plentiful store,

Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad

That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore

Had by the belly oft him pinched sore

Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold

With ears of corne of every sort, he bore ;

And in his hand a sickle he did holde,

To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had *yold*. yielded

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,

Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;

Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese,

And the dull drops, that from his purpled *bill* nose

As from a *limbeck* did adown distill : still

In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,

With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;

For he was faint with cold, and weak with *eld* ; old age

That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to *weld*. move

SAMUEL DANIEL: 1562-1619.

Samuel Daniel spent the greater part of his life under the protection of royal and noble personages, and was distinguished as a writer of *masques*, a dramatic entertainment fashionable at court, consisting chiefly of a few dialogues supported by allegorical characters. His principal works are a *History of the Civil Wars between York and Lancaster*, a poem in eight books, and *Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning*. His *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland* is a fine effusion of meditative thought.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVER.

From the *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland*.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers ; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same :
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood ! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies ;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails
Justice he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man ;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires ;
'That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes ,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him ; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall. . .

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed ; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes : he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepared
A rest for his desires ; and sees all things
Beneath him ; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty ; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings ;
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart ; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear

MICHAEL DRAYTON: 1563-1631.

Drayton at the age of ten became page to a person of quality, and his precocious talents procured for him in early life the patronage of several persons of consequence. His chief poem is *Polyolbion*, a poetical description of England in thirty songs or books, full of topographical and antiquarian details, with numerous allusions to remarkable events and persons connected with various localities. His other works are *The Baron's Wars*, *England's Heroical Epistles*, and a delightful fairy ballad entitled *Nymphidia*.

LAMENT OVER THE DECAY OF CHARNWOOD FOREST.¹

From *Polyolbion*.

O Charnwood, be thou called the choicest of thy kind !
 The like in any place what flood hath happ'd to find ?
 No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
 Can shew a sylvan nymph for beauty like to thee.
 The satyrs and the fauns, by Dian set to keep
 Rough hills and forest-holts, were sadly seen to weep,
 When thy high-palmed harts, the sport of bows and hounds.
 By gripple borderers' hands were banished thy grounds.
 The Dryads that were wont about thy lawns to rove,
 To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove to grove,
 On Sharpley² that were seen, and Cadman's² aged rocks,
 Against the rising sun to braid their silver locks,
 And with the harmless elves, on heathy Bardons' height,
 By Cynthia's³ colder beams to play them night by night,
 Exiled their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled :
 They, with the oaks that lived, now with the oaks are dead !

Who will describe to life a forest, let him take
 Thy surface to himself ; nor shall he need to make
 Another form at all : where oft in thee is found
 Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are crowned
 With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and sheep
 (To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,
 To gnaw the little shrubs on their steep sides that grow :
 Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,
 Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down would drop ,
 Where undergrowing oaks on their old shoulders prop
 The others' hoary heads, which still seem to decline.

¹ In Leicestershire. ² Two mighty rocks in the forest. ³ The moon

PIGWIGGEN'S ARMOUR. From *Nymphidia*.

[Pigwiggan, a fairy knight, has defied Oberon, the king of the Fairies and challenged him to combat]

And quickly arms him for the field,
 A little cockle-shell his shield,
 Which he could very bravely wield,
 Yet could it not be pierced :
 His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
 And well near of two inches long
 The *pole* was of a horse-fly's tongue,
 Whose sharpness nought reversed

point

And puts him on a coat of mail,
 Which was of a fish's scale,
 'That when his foe should him assail,
 No point should be prevailing.
 His rapier was a hornet's sting,
 It was a very dangerous thing ,
 For if he chanced to hurt the king,
 It would be long in healing

His helmet was a beetle's head,
 Most horrible and full of dread,
 That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet it did well become him .
 And for a plume, a horse's hair,
 Which being tossed by the air,
 Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him

Himself he on an earwig set,
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,
 So oft and high he did curvet,
 Ere he himself could settle .
 He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
 To gallop, and to trot the round,
 He scarce could stand on any ground,
 He was so full of mettle.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: 1563-1593.

Marlowe, the greatest of Shakspeare's precursors in the drama, after graduating at Cambridge became an actor and a writer for the stage. He produced eight plays and a number of miscellaneous poems. His plays, of which the more important are *The Life and Death of Doctor Faustus* and *Edward II.*, contain many passages of the highest poetic excellence.

THE MURDER OF EDWARD II. From *Edward II.*

SCENE — *Berkeley Castle* *The KING is left alone with LIGHTBORN,
a murderer*

Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Light To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery.
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's¹ is,
Or as Matrevis',¹ hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls

Light O villains!

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I looked not thus,

¹ His keepers.

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus ?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood.
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king . Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown ?
Gone, gone ; and do I still remain alive ?

Light. You're overwatched my lord ; lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no ; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die ; yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now, my lord ?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep, I never wake ;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come ?

Light. To rid thee of thy life ; Matievis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist :
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs .
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE REPLY. By Sir Walter Raleigh¹

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
Then *Philomel* becometh dumb, *the nightingale*
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of daunties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men ?
These are but vain ; that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

¹ Raleigh's early years were spent in foreign wars. In 1580 he gained the favour of Queen Elizabeth by his prompt suppression of a rebellion in Ireland. He conducted several important nautical expeditions, some of which were designed for the colonisation of Virginia. On the accession of James I, he was unjustly condemned for high treason, and confined in the Tower for fourteen years, during which time he wrote his famous *History of the World*. Having designed an expedition to South America, he was allowed to proceed upon it. It proved a failure, and Raleigh on his return was beheaded. Raleigh wrote several short poems, some of which have been lost, and considerable doubt hangs over many of those ascribed to him. (For specimen of Raleigh's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, p 19.)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE · 1564—1616.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon. When little more than twenty years of age he went to London and became a player, and afterwards began to compose plays for the company to which he belonged. After having lived for some years as a player, he became the manager of a theatre and company, and appears to have given up acting. In 1614, finding himself possessed of a small competency, he retired to his native town, where he died two years after, and was buried in Stratford church. The works of Shakspeare consist of thirty-seven plays—tragedies, comedies, and historical dramas, the poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*; and a collection of sonnets. 'The name of Shakspeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind, no man ever had such strength at once and such variety of imagination'—*Hallam*.

FROM *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*.

THE TRIAL SCENE. Act IV. Sc. 1.—Abridged.

[Antonio, 'The Merchant of Venice,' had become surety for his friend Bassanio in the sum of three thousand ducats borrowed from Shylock, a Jew, who, 'in a merry sport,' as he termed it, lent the money on condition that, in case of failure to repay the sum at the time specified, Antonio should forfeit to Shylock a pound of flesh to be cut from his body. A bond to this effect was duly signed. Losses come upon Antonio which render him unable to pay the sum when due, on which Shylock insists upon the fulfilment of his bond, and the case is tried before the Duke of Venice.]

SCENE.—*Venice A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate.

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury; and am armed

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose .
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats I'll not answer that :
But, say, it is my humour . is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.
Now, for your answer.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him Are you answer'd ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew .
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ,
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart —therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no further means,
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them —shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,

'The slaves are ours.'—so do I answer you :
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it :
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice
 I stand for judgment answer—shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua

Duke. Bring us the letters , call the messenger

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter]

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court :—
 Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart —some three or four of you
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place—
 Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk [Reads] 'Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation '

Duke You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes .
 And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause —

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed —

You stand within his danger, do you not ? [To ANTONIO.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd—

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd—

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown ;

His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ,

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway—

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ;

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

That in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven .
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

- Por.* Why, then, thus it is :
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
- Shy.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
- Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
- Shy.* 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks !
- Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
- Shy.* Ay, his breast :
 So says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?—
 'Nearest his heart : ' those are the very words.
- Por.* It is so Are there balance here to weigh the flesh ?
- Shy.* I have them ready.
- Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
- Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?
- Por.* It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
 'Twere good you do so much for charity.
- Shy.* I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond
- Por.* You, merchant, have you anything to say ?
- Ant.* But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd —
 Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
 For herein Fortune shews herself more kind
 Than is her custom : it is still her use
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
 An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off.
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
 And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart
- Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,
 Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life ;
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
 Here to this devil, to deliver you
- Shy.* We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come ; prepare !

Por. Tarry a little ; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are ' a pound of flesh : '
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew !—a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou cut'st more,
Or less, than a just pound—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate !

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enag'd in the laws of Venice—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself .
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state—not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter .
Two things provided more—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this , or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

MUSIC Act V Sc 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ¹
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins—
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana ² with a hymn !
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

¹ Patines were small circular gold plates used at the altar in the service of the Roman Church.

² The moon.

FROM *ROMEO AND JULIET*

QUEEN MAB. Act V Sc. iv.

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep .
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid : ✓
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love .
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream—
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

FROM *MACBETH*

THE MURDER OF DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND. Act II. Scs 1 11

[King Duncan is on a visit to Macbeth, thane of Glamis, and lately created thane of Cawdor, at his castle near Inverness. Macbeth has just been informed that the king has retired for the night.]

Enter MACBETH and a Servant

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, gouts of blood, *handle*
 Which was not so before—There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design,
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings*]
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire :—
Hark ! Peace ! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it : the doors are open ;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores .
I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb [*Within.*] Who 's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us —Hark !—I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't—

Enter MACBETH.

My husband !

Macb. I have done the deed —Didst thou not hear a noise !

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay

Macb Hark !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, ' Murder ' that they did wake each other ;
I stood and heard them : but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, ' God bless us ! ' and ' Amen,' the other ;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands

Listening their fear, I could not say, 'Amen,'
When they did say, 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd *leave* of care, *unwrought silk*
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house.
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. *[Exit. Knocking within]*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended —[*Knocking*] Hark ! more knocking :
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers —be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !

[*Exeunt.*

FROM *JULIUS CÆSAR*

THE QUARREL BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS. Act IV. Sc. iii.

SCENE.—*Within the tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;¹
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ' !
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

¹ The inhabitants of Sardis, the capital of Lydia.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ,
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is 't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more . fret, till your proud heart break ,
Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier .
Let it appear so , make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well . for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better .

Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No

Cas. What, durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection ;—I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not.—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart .

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.¹

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' ² mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

¹ A mountain on the boundary of Thessaly and Macedonia, of great height, and consequently regarded as the seat of the gods.

² The god of riches.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE'S SONGS.

SPRENADE. From *Cymbeline*, Act II Sc iii.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,¹
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With everything that pretty is ·
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC. From *King Henry VIII*, Act III. Sc. 1

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by—
 In sweet music is such art :
 Killing care and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

APPROACH OF THE FAIRIES.

From *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. ii.

Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon ;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task foredone.

¹ Phœbus, the sun-god, in the Grecian mythology, drove the chariot of the sun drawn by four horses.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the churchway paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run,
 By the triple Hecate's¹ team,
From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic, not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house.

SONNET.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

¹The goddess who presided over magic. She is often identified with Diana and Luna, and is therefore represented with three heads.

JOHN DONNE: 1573-1631.

John Donne, D.D., Dean of St Paul's, stands at the head of a class known by the name of the Metaphysical Poets 'These were such,' says Dr Samuel Johnson, 'as laboured after conceits, or novel turns of thought, usually false, and resting upon some equivocation of language, or exceedingly remote analogy.' Donne is also usually considered as the first writer of satire in rhyming couplets, such as Dryden and Pope carried to perfection. His works consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams.

ODE.

Vengeance will sit above our faults ; but till
 She there do sit
 We see her not nor them. Thus blind, yet still
 We lead her way ; and thus whilst we do ill
 We suffer it.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill :
 Enough we labour under age and care :
 In number th' errors of the last place are
 The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soon repent,
 (Strange thing !) perceive not ; our faults are not seen.
 But past us ; neither felt, but only in
 The punishment.

But we know ourselves least ; mere outward shows
 Our minds so store,
 That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
 But form and colour : only he who knows
 Himself knows more.

BEN JONSON: 1573-1637.

Ben Jonson, the posthumous son of a clergyman in Westminster, in early life worked as a bricklayer with his stepfather, but, disliking the occupation, he enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. On his return, he became an actor in London, and began to write for the stage. His plays consist of the tragedies of *The Fall of Sejanus* and *Catiline*, and the comedies of *Every Man in His Humour*, *Volpone* or *The Fox*, *Epicene* or *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*. Jonson also brought to perfection the compositions called *Masques*, which were generally founded on some story from the Greek or Roman mythology, and formed a favourite amusement of the court. Jonson became poet-laureate in 1619. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the flagstone over his grave was inscribed with the words, 'O rare Ben Jonson!'

THE FALL OF CATILINE. From *Catiline*.

[The conspiracy of Catiline against the Roman Commonwealth was put an end to by a battle fought in Etruria between Catiline, at the head of 12,000 men, and the Roman army, commanded by Petreius.]

Petreius. The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
 As he must fight with one of the two armies
 That then had near enclosed him, it pleased fate
 To make us the object of his desperate choice,
 Wherein the danger almost poised the honour.
 And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
 And fate descended nearer to the earth,
 As if she meant to hide the name of things
 Under her wings, and make the world her quarry
 At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
 Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
 And (as we ought) armed in the confidence
 Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
 Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
 Of any man, but of a public ruin:
 His countenance was a civil war itself;
 And all his host had, standing in their looks
 The paleness of the death that was to come,
 Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
 As if they would precipitate our fates.
 Nor stayed we longer for 'em, but himself

Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
 Which out, it seemed a narrow neck of land
 Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
 Flowed into other ; for so did the slaughter ;
 And whirled about, as when two violent tides
 Meet and not yield The furies stood on hills,
 Circling the place, and trembling to see men
 Do more than they ; whilst pity left the field,
 Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
 They knew not what a crime their valour was.
 The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloude
 The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
 His frightened horse, whom still the noise drove backward :
 And now had fierce Enyo,¹ like a flame,
 Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
 Had not the fortune of the commonwealth,
 Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought ;
 Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
 Covered the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks
 Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
 Collected all his fury, and ran in—
 Armed with a glory high as his despair—
 Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
 Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
 Till he had circled in himself with death :
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
 Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
 One of the giant brethren felt himself
 Grow marble at the killing sight ; and now,
 Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
 What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs ;
 And, ere he could think more, was that he feared .
 So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
 Became his tomb ; yet did his look retain
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
 As if he laboured yet to grasp the state
 With those rebellious parts.

¹ War, the goddess of war.

HYMN TO DIANA.

From the masque of *Cynthia's Revels*.

[Diana, as sister of the sun-god Apollo, was regarded as the goddess of the moon. She was called Cynthia from Mount Cynthus, in the isle of Delos, the place of her birth.]

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair, .
 Now the sun is laid to sleep ;
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep
 Hesperus¹ entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close ;
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver ,
 Give unto the flying hart,
 Space to breathe, how short soever ;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

JOSEPH HALL 1574 1656

Hall, Bishop of Norwich, is noted for his *Satires*, which Pope affirms 'to be the best poetry and the truest satire in the English language.' He is also distinguished as a prose-writer. (See *Readings in English Prose*, p. 24.)

THE POOR GALLANT. From his *Satires*.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,
 Vaunting himself upon his rising toes ; . . .
 'Tis Ruffio : Trow'st thou where he dined to-day ?
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.²

¹ The evening, the west.

² In St Paul's Cathedral, an open public place in the time of Queen

Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
 Keeps he for every straggling cavalier ;
 An open house, haunted with great resort ;
 Long service mixt with unisical disport.
 Many fair youngker with a feathered crest,
 Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
 To fare so freely with so little cost,
 Than stake his twelvenpence to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
 He touched no meat of all this livelong day.
 For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
 His eyes seemed sunk for very hollowness,
 But could he have—as I did it mistake—
 So little in his purse, so much upon his back ?
 So nothing in his maw ? yet seemeth by his belt
 That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how *side* it hangs beneath his hip ? *long*
 Hunger and heavy iron makes guddles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found bravery
 The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
 What needed he fetch that from furthest Spain,
 His grandame could have lent with lesser pain ?
 Though he perhaps ne'er passed the English shore.
 Yet fain would counted be a conqueror
 His hair, French-like, stares on his frightened head,
 One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
 As if he meant to wear a native cord,
 If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bristled skin,
 Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin ;
 His linen collar labyrinthian set,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met .
 His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
 As if he meant to fly with linen wings

Elizabeth, there was a tomb, erroneously supposed to be that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which was the resort of gentlemen upon town who had occasion to look out for a dinner. When unsuccessful in getting an invitation, they were said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

(Francis Beaumont 1586—1615, and John Fletcher 1576—1625)

Beaumont and Fletcher were two men of good birth and education, who wrote plays in company. Fifty-two dramatic compositions were the result of their literary partnership. They share with Ben Jonson the second rank in English dramatic literature.

PALAMON AND ARCITE.¹ From *The Two Noble Kinsmen*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin ?

Arc. How do you, sir ?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet ; we are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble country ?
Where are our friends and kindreds ? never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail ; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstript the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us, our good swords now —
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore—
Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us :
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more !

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us, here we are,

¹ Captives in Greece.

And here the graces of our youths must wither
 Like a too timely spring ; here age must find us,
 And—which is heaviest—Palamon, unmarried ;
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
 'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.'
 The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
 To youth and nature. This is all our world :
 We shall know nothing here but one another ;
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it :
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
 That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
 No more now must we halloo, no more shake
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
 Struck with our well-steeled darts. All valiant use—
 The food and nourishment of noble minds—
 In us two here shall perish : we shall die—
 Which is the curse of honour—lastly
 Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
 Even from the bottom of these miseries,
 From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
 I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
 If the gods please to hold here ; a brave patience,
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.
 Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
 If I think this our prison !

Pal. Certainly
 'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
 Were twinn'd together ; 'tis most true, two souls
 Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
 The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
 Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could.
 A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done

GILES and PHINEAS FLETCHER.

(Giles about 1580—1623, and Phineas 1584—1650.)

The brothers Fletcher were sons of Dr Giles Fletcher, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the court of Russia, and cousins of Fletcher the dramatist. Both were clergymen. The chief work of Giles is *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, one of the most beautiful religious poems in the language. The works of Phineas consist of *The Purple Island* or *The Isle of Man*, *Piscatory Eclogues*, and miscellaneous poems. *The Purple Island* is a wearisome allegorical description of the human body and mind, redeemed only by a number of fine passages.

JUSTICE. From *Christ's Victory in Heaven*, by Giles Fletcher.

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
 Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father's brow,
 But up she starts, and throws herself between —
 As when a vapour from a moory slough,
 Meeting with fresh Eous,¹ that but now
 Opened the world which all in darkness lay
 Doth heav'n's bright face of his rays disarray,
 And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard ;
 Not, as the world esteems her, deaf and blind ;
 But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
 Her eye with heav'n's, so and more brightly shined
 Her lamping sight : for she the same could wind
 Into the solid heart ; and with her ears
 The silence of the thought loud-speaking hears ,
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears

No riot of affection revel kept
 Within her breast ; but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
 Securely, without tempest : no sad cry
 Awakes her pity : but wronged poverty,
 Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in tears,
 With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
 Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

¹ Morning.

THE RAINBOW. From the same.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main .
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would ;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid rolled.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris¹ paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heaven she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curd'd wave swift Argus² wore,
And the immortal Swan,² that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light ,
Yet strange it was not that it so should be ;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should numbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder and amazement, did her beauty prove

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,

¹ The rainbow. ² Argus and Cygnus (the Swan), two stars in the Milky-way.

That only eyes of spirits might behold :
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.

PARTHENIA, OR CHASTITY.

From *The Purple Island*, by Phineas Fletcher.

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms ;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she swayed,
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seemed a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new ;
Itself unto itself was only mate ;
Ever the same, but new in newer date :
And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

Thus hid in arms she seemed a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise :
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise,
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prisoned her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph ! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heavenly earth ;
Thy fairs, unpatterned, all perfection stain :
Sure Heaven with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew :
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

PHILIP MASSINGER: 1584-1640.

Massinger employed himself in early life in assisting other writers, and afterwards began to write on his own account. He wrote a great number of plays, of which only eighteen are preserved. *The Virgin Martyr*, *The Bondman*, *The Fatal Dowry*, *The City Madam*, and *The New Way to Pay Old Debts*, are his best known productions. The last mentioned still keeps possession of the stage.

PRIDE OF SIR GILES OVERREACH IN HIS DAUGHTER.

From *The New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

LOVEL—OVERREACH

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND: 1585-1649.

Drummond resided at Hawthornden near Edinburgh. He was intimate with Ben Jonson and Drayton, the former of whom made a pedestrian pilgrimage to Scotland in order to see him. His works consist of sonnets and madrigals; some sacred poems; a few complimentary odes to Kings James I. and Charles I., and a variety of epigrammatic and humorous pieces. His sonnets are considered among the finest in the language.

SPRING

Sweet spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers
 Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but ah! my pleasant hours,
 And happy days, with thee come not again,
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweet to sour.
 Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
 But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
 Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore
 Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
 While thine forgot he closed in a tomb

TO A NIGHTINGALE

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
 Well pleased with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays.

THOMAS CAREW: 1589-1639.

Carew was gentleman of the privy-chamber and sewer in ordinary to King Charles I. He is one of the best representatives of a numerous class of poets—courtiers of a gay and gallant school, whose visions of fame were bounded by the circle of the court and the nobility. Carew's poems are short and occasional, with the exception of the masque, *Cælum Britannicum*, written by command of the king.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light.
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest .
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

FRANCIS QUARLES: 1592-1644.

Quarles was successively cup-bearer to Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He is the quaintest of all the metaphysical poets *The Divine Emblems* is his principal work

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love—and have some cause to love—the earth :
 She is my Maker's creature ; therefore good :
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse—she gives me food ;
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee ?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air : her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
 But what's the air or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee ?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store :
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ,
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore .
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee ?
 Without thy presence heaven's no heaven to me

Without thy presence earth gives no refection ;
 Without thy presence sea affords no treasure ;
 Without thy presence air's a rank infection ;
 Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure :
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

GEORGE HERBERT: 1593-1632.

Herbert was of noble birth, being brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury; but he is chiefly known as a pious country clergyman, who earned the name of 'Holy George Herbert.' His principal production is *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. Its beauties are marred by the ridiculous conceits and coarse similes of the metaphysical school.

VIRTUE

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shews ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

RELIGION.

All may of thee partake;
No thing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING 1609-1641.

Suckling, a zealous partisan of Charles I. during the Civil War, is a delightful writer of 'occasional poems.' He wrote four plays, but is now known only by a few short poems.

FROM A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring ;
 It was too wide a peck :—
 And, to say truth—for out it must—
 It looked like the great collar—just—
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light
 But oh ! she dances such a way !
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison ;
 Who sees them is undone ;
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 The side that 's next the sun

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly ;
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get :
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

ROBERT HERRICK 1591-1674

Herrick, one of the most exquisite of our early lyrical poets, was educated for the church, and was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. From this he was ejected during the Civil War, but was replaced in it at the Restoration.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to shew your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave
And after they have shewn their pride.
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon .
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you ;
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything :
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

S O N G.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting

The age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And, whilst ye may, go marry ;
For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

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READINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY.



ABRAHAM COWLEY: 1618-1667.

Cowley, the last and greatest of the metaphysical poets, was the son of a stationer in London. He was educated at Cambridge and at Oxford. Cowley attached himself to the king's party during the Civil War, and accompanied the queen to France, where he was employed in deciphering the correspondence between her and the king. He returned to England in 1656, and at the Restoration, finding his services neglected and unrewarded, he retired to Chertsey, on the banks of the Thames, where he spent the rest of his life. His works consist of Anacreontics (light, gay trifles, in the manner of the Greek poet Anacreon); elegiac poems; an epic named *The Davideis*, a long poem descriptive of plants, and a few epistles and miscellanies. (For a specimen of Cowley's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, page 44.)

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread.
Nature self's thy Ganymede¹
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer be, and landlord thou!

¹ Cup-bearer. Ganymede was cup-bearer to Zeus.

Thou dost innocently enjoy ;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year !
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ,
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth
 Happy insect ! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among—
 Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !—
 Satiated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest

FROM THE HYMN TO LIGHT

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly ?
 Swiftneſs and Power by birth are thine
 From thy great Sire they come, thy Sire, the Word Divine

 Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright world of stars survey,
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal ſpring

 Thou, Scythian-like, doſt round thy lands above
 The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
 And ſtill, as thou in pomp doſt go,
 The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhow

 Nor amidſt all theſe triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
 The humble glowworms to adorn,
 And with thoſe living ſpangles gild
 (O greatness without pride !) the buſhes of the field.

SIR JOHN DENHAM: 1615-1668.

Denham is known chiefly by his *Cooper's Hill*, a poem descriptive of the scenery of the river Thames.

THE THAMES From *Cooper's Hill*

My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,
 Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours,
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants;
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange
 O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull,
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

EDMUND WALLER: 1605-1687.

Waller figured on the popular side in the Long Parliament, but afterwards became a royalist. His poetry chiefly consists in complimentary verses. He wrote a panegyric on Cromwell, which is 'one of his most vigorous poems. At the Restoration he was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. It was considered inferior to the verses on Cromwell, and the king is said to have told the poet of the disparity. 'Poets, sure,' replied the witty courtier, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth.'

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind.
 It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer,
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!
 A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwell all that's good, and all that's fair.
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more;
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JOHN MILTON: 1608-1674

Milton, among English poets inferior only to Shakspeare, was the son of a London scrivener. He received his education at St Paul's School, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. In his 21st year he had written his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, which is considered one of the finest odes in the language. From Cambridge he retired to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in the study of classical literature. During this period he wrote the beautiful masques of *Comus* and *Arcades*, *Lycidas*, an exquisite elegy on a college companion, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland, and two charming descriptive pieces, entitled *L'Allegro* (The Man of Mirth) and *Il Penseroso* (The Melancholy Man). In middle life, being of republican principles, he employed himself in writing pamphlets in favour of the Commonwealth, and afterwards acted as Latin secretary to Cromwell. Unceasing study had affected his eyesight, and in 1652 he became totally blind. At the Restoration he retired to Chalfont, in Bucks, where, in 1665, he completed his great epic, *Paradise Lost*, which had been commenced in 1658. In 1671 he produced *Paradise Regained*, a sequel to *Paradise Lost*, but much inferior to it, and *Samson Agonistes*, a dramatic poem on the story of Samson. He died in 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St Giles', Cripplegate, in London. (For specimens of Milton's Prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, page 33.)

FROM THE HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave. . .

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan ¹
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close. .

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ,
 The helmed cherubim,
 And sworded seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir. .

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos ² leaving
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. . . .

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :

¹ The god of shepherds.

² In Phocis, the seat of the oracle of Apollo.

Heaven's youngest-teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

FROM *L'ALLEGRO*

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek, *the goddess of youth*
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty :
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ,
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine .
 While the cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before : . . .
 Sometimes walking not unseen
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state.

Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries *dight* ,
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale

adorned

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied :
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes

FROM PARADISE LOST.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN Book iv.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice ; and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king
 Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks ?
How due !—yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high,
I 'dained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe :
Forgetful what from him I still received ;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged : what burden then ?
O, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition ! Yet why not ?—some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free-will and power to stand ?
Thou hadst : whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
Be then his love accurst, since, love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his, thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable !—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then at last relent ; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission ; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
'The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain .

Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries *dight* ,
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale

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Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
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 Meadows trim with daisies pied :
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
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 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king
 Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,

Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end !
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime
Thou sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st
Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ,
And ye five other wandering fires ! that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements ! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternian run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists, and exhalations ! that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author, rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds ! that from four quarters blow ,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines !
With every plant, in sign of worship wave
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls ; ye birds
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still

To give us only good ; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

FROM *PARADISE REGAINED*.

SATAN'S SURVEY OF GREECE. Book iv.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold,
 Where on the *Ægean* shore a city stands,
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the *Attic bird* *the nightingale*
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
 There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream : within the walls, then view
 The schools of ancient sages ; his,¹ who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum¹ there, and painted Stoa¹ next :
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand ; and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian* lyric odes,
 And his, who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes,² thence Homer called,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat

¹ Aristotle, the tutor of Alexander, taught in the Lyceum. Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, taught in the *stoa*, or portico, called *pæcile*, painted.

² Homer is said to have been born on the banks of the river Meles, near Smyrna.

Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing :
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe ;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight ;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire joined

SONNET.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

SAMUEL BUTLER 1612-1680.

Butler, the son of a farmer in Worcestershire, is celebrated as the author of *Hudibras*, a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and Commonwealth. It is the best composition of the kind in the language. The particulars of Butler's life are obscure, but it is certain that he was allowed to die in such poverty that the expense of his funeral was defrayed by a friend

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HUDIBRAS From *Hudibras*

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why .
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears . . .
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him mirror of knighthood ;
 That never bowed his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry ;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade :
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant
 Great on the bench, great on the saddle
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of war as well as peace
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout ;
 Some hold the one, and some the other
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain .

Which made some take him for a tooi
That knaves do work with, called a fool. . . .

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination .
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
He had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by .
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk ,
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to shew 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one :
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel.

JOHN DRYDEN: 1631-1700.

Dryden, one of the great masters of English verse, was the son of a gentleman in Worcestershire. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Soon after the accession of Charles II. he appears to have established himself in London as a poet and dramatist, and in 1663 he became poet-laureate, which office he held until the Revolution. Dryden was the principal writer in England of the heroic or rhyming plays, modelled after the French plays of Racine and Corneille. His plays, twenty-seven in number, have now fallen completely into oblivion. Most of his poems were written upon passing events and characters, and of this class the most celebrated are *Annus Mirabilis* (The Year of Wonders), commemorative of the events of the year 1666; *Absalom and Achitophel*, a satire upon the Whig leaders of the time of Charles II., considered to be the finest in the language; *Mac-Flecknoe*, another vigorous satire; *Religio Laici*, written to defend the Church of England against the Dissenters; *The Hind and the Panther*, an allegorical poem personifying the Roman and Anglican Churches, and defending the measures adopted by James II. in favour of the Roman Catholic Church; ¹ *The Ode for St Cecilia's Day—Alexander's Feast*, the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions, and his *Fables*, or imitations of Boccaccio (an Italian writer) and Chaucer. He also translated the works of Virgil, the Satires of Persius, part of the Satires of Juvenal, and portions of other classic authors, into English epic verse. (For specimen of Dryden's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, p. 58.)

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS ANNE KILLEGREW,

Excellent in the Two Sister-Arts of Poesy and Painting

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest;
 Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green, above the rest
 Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
 Or, in procession fixed and regular,
 Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
 Or, called to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:

¹ Dryden became a convert to Roman Catholicism in 1686, a year before this was written.

Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
 Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble verse;
 But such as thine own voice did practise here,
 When thy first-fruits of poesy were given;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good;
 Thy father was transfused into thy blood.
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was formed at first with myriads more,
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho¹ last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind.
 Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.
 When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground;
 When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
 The judging God shall close the book of fate; . . .
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are covered with the lightest ground;
 And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shalt go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to shew,
 The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

¹ A celebrated Grecian poetess.

FROM *ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL*

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AS ACHITOPHEL

[The Earl of Shaftesbury (Achitophel) and the Duke of Buckingham (Zunari) were leaders of the party of the Duke of Monmouth (Absalom), son of Charles II (David). Their object was to exclude the Duke of York from the succession.]

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke,¹
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:²
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name;

¹ Shaftesbury is said to have been a principal adviser of the Dutch war in 1672, by which *The Triple Alliance* between England, Sweden, and Holland was broken.

² Fitted England for the yoke of France.

So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin ¹
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown ;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cackle, that oppressed the noble seed ,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand ;
 And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AS ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ·
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various that he seemed to be,
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
 Blest madman ! who could ev'ry hour employ
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes ;

¹ The vice-president of the Jewish Sanhedrim.

So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That ev'ry man with him was god or devil
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ,
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert .
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel :
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

An Ode in honour of St Cecilia's Day.¹

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound
 So should desert in arms be crowned.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair ;
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus,² placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,

¹ St Cecilia, the patroness of music, and regarded as the inventor of the organ.

² A celebrated musician of Boeotia.

Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the power of mighty Love !
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia pressed , . . .
 And stamped an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;
 A present deity ! they shout around ;
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young :

The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face.

Now, give the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain :
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure .
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain .

Fought all his battles o'er again :
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain
 The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ,
 For pity melts the mind to love
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures ;
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crowned, but Music won the cause
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries ;
See the Furies arise ;
See the snakes that they rear '
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes '
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain ;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew :
Behold how they toss their torches on high !
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ,
Thus led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown :
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy Thee
 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
 Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence.
 Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But, oh inflame and fire our hearts !
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down

Chase from our minds the internal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ,
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !



MATTHEW PRIOR: 1664-1721.

Prior was educated at Westminster School and at St John's College, Cambridge, and by means of his abilities rose to considerable state employments. His best known poems are his tales and light occasional verses. His other works are *Henry and Emma*, a poem upon the model of *The Nut-brown Maid*, *Alma*, or *the Progress of the Mind*, and *Solomon on the Vanity of the World*, the most elaborate of his works.

AN EPIGRAM.

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round the globe their courses run ,
If human things went ill or well ;
If changing empires rose or fell ;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walked and ate, good folks What then ?
Why then they walked and ate again .
They soundly slept the night away ,
They did just nothing all the day :
Nor sister either had nor brother ;
They seemed just tallied for each other
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree ;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground
Nor fame nor censure they regarded .
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footmen did ,
Her maids she neither praised nor chid :
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.

Slothful disorder filled his stable,
 And sluttish plenty decked her table.
 Their beer was strong ; their wine was port
 Their meal was large ; their grace was short
 They gave the poor the remnant meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.
 They paid the church and parish rate,
 And took, but read not, the receipt ;
 For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
 Of slumbering in an upper pew.
 No man's defects sought they to know ;
 So never made themselves a foe.
 No man's good deeds did they commend ;
 So never raised themselves a friend.
 Nor cherished they relations poor ;
 That might decrease their present store
 Nor barn nor house did they repair ,
 That might oblige their future heir.
 They neither added nor confounded,
 They neither wanted nor abounded.
 Nor tear nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief or joy.
 When bells were rung and bonfires made,
 If asked, they ne'er denied their aid :
 Their jug was to the ringers carried,
 Whoever either died or married.
 Their billet at the fire was found,
 Whoever was deposed or crowned.
 Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
 They would not learn, nor could advise :
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were :
 Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried .
 And so they lived, and so they died.

EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve ;
 Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher ?

JOSEPH ADDISON: 1672-1719.

Addison, the son of a clergyman, was educated at Oxford. His poems gained for him several political appointments, the highest of which was that of Secretary of State. His poetical works consist of his *Letter from Italy*, *The Campaign*, a poem in celebration of Marlborough's triumphs; translations from the Latin poets, devotional pieces, and the tragedy of *Cato*. His literary fame, however, rests chiefly on his prose works. (For specimen of Addison's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, page 75.)

FROM THE *LETTER FROM ITALY*

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground,
 For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
 Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
 See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
 Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents,
 Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies. . . .
 How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
 And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art.

While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain :
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines .
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. From *The Campaign*.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined !
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound ;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF *CATO*.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE COMMITTING SUICIDE. Act V. Sc. 1.

[Cato, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul; a drawn sword on the table beside him]

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well ;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ,
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man !
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ;
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me ,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold If there's a power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when ! or where !—This world was made for Cæsar
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them
 [Laying his hand upon his sword]
Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me .
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ALEXANDER POPE 1688-1744.

Pope was the son of a linen merchant in London. At the age of sixteen he had written some *Pastorals*, and the beginning of a poem, called *Windsor Forest*, which, when published a few years afterwards, obtained high praise for melody of versification. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, the finest piece of argumentative and reasoning poetry in the language. It was shortly afterwards followed by *The Rape of the Lock*, the most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world, occasioned by a gentleman's cutting away a ringlet of a young lady's hair. His *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, written at the same time, and his *Epistle from Elouisa to Abelard*, composed a few years later, are the only poems of Pope which contain much passion or deep feeling. In 1713 he commenced his translation of Homer's *Iliad*, which was completed in 1720. His translation of the *Odyssey* followed in 1725. In 1727 and 1728 he published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, and led to the production of Pope's great satire, *The Dunciad*. Pope next composed his celebrated metaphysical and moral poem, *The Essay on Man*. He afterwards published some *Imitations of the Satires and Epistles of Horace*, and *Moral Essays*. These, with a few short occasional pieces, complete the list of his poetical works. (For a specimen of Pope's Letters, see *Readings in English Prose*, page 96.)

HARMONY OF EXPRESSION. From *Essay on Criticism*.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus¹ but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
 Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line it 'whispers through the trees ,'
 If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
 The reader's threatened, not in vain, with 'sleep ;'

A mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo, the god of poetry and the Muses.

Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance ;
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense .
 Soft¹ is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar
 When Ajax¹ strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ,
 Not so when swift Camilla² scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main '
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,³
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise ;
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow ;
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found ;
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.
 The power of music all our hearts allow ;
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

THE SEVERING OF THE LOCK. From *The Rape of the Lock*

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle and the mill turns round.
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze.
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide.

¹ One of the heroes at the siege of Troy, celebrated by Homer. ² One of the swift-footed servants of Diana, celebrated by Virgil. ³ See p. 72.

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band,
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
 Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes
 Sent up new vapours to the baron's brain,
 New stratagems the radiant Lock to gain
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate¹
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!¹¹

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers'-ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair,
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear
 Thrice she drew back and thrice the foe drew near
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel² sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched th' ideas rising in her mind.
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

¹ Nisus died because his daughter Scylla had pulled out the golden hair which grew on the top of her father's head, and on which his life depended.

² An airy spirit.

The peer now spreads the glittering forceps wide,
 T' enclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide,
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again) ;
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever !

FROM *THE ESSAY ON MAN*.

THE FUTURE MERCIFULLY CONCEALED.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know
 Or who could suffer being here below !
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood
 O blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now,
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be, blest ;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

THE SCALE OF BEING.

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass ;

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
 Of snell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood ;
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line .
 In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !
 How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier !
 For ever separate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and Reflection, how allied ;
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide !
 And Middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
 The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these powers in one ?

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns ,
 To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

JOHN GAY · 1688-1732.

Gay was a native of Devonshire. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercator in London, but disliking his employment, he finally got his discharge. His poetical talents soon attracted attention. In 1713 he was appointed secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and in the following year he accompanied the embassy to Hanover. After his return, he wrote several plays, the most successful of which was *The Beggar's Opera*, still a favourite on the stage, and which gave rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy, enlivened by songs and music. Of Gay's poems, the most popular are his *Fables*, which in liveliness and point have never been matched, and his song of *Black-eyed Susan*.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS. From his *Fables*

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stunt the flame.
 The child whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care
 'Tis thus in friendship, who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way,
 Complied with everything, like GAY,
 Was known by all the bestial train,
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round,
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
 What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the Horse appeared in view!
 'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.'

You know my feet betray my flight ;
To friendship every burden 's light.'
The Horse replied : ' Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;
Be comforted ; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord :
' Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
And when a lady 's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ,
But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;
' My back,' says he, ' may do you harm ,
The Sheep 's at hand, and wool is warm '

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained :
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
' Shall I,' says he, ' of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler passed you by ;
How strong are those, how weak am I '
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
For, see, the hounds are just in view !'



JAMES THOMSON: 1700–1748

Thomson was the son of a Scottish clergyman in Roxburghshire. On the death of his father he went to London, where, in 1726, he published his poem of *Winter*. Three other compositions, *Summer*, *Spring*, and *Autumn* followed, and the four were afterwards published under the title of *The Seasons*. Besides some tragedies, which met with considerable success, Thomson wrote a long poem called *Liberty*, and *The Castle of Indolence*, a poem in imitation of Spenser, which is considered the most perfect of all his works.

FROM *WINTER*.

A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ,
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !

When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man :
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY WINTER.

'Tis done !—Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !

See here thy pictured life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
All now are vanished ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see '
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined, clears up apace
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned : see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died, neglected why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude ; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants : why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge : why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that imbosomed foe,
Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed '
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more :
The storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

FROM *THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE*.

THE OPENING OF CANTO I.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate
 That like an emmet thou must ever *moul*, *labour*
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
 And, *certes*, there is for it reason great ; *certainly*
 For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale—
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half *prankt* with Spring, with Summer half unbrowned, *adorned*
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, *ne* cared e'en for play. *nor*

Was nought around but images of rest
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ,
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence *kest*, *can*
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 And hurled everywhere their water's sheen ;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale
 And now and then sweet Philomel¹ would wail,

¹ The nightingale.

JAMES THOMSON.

Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep, *complain*
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds *ylent* inclined all to sleep. *blended*

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As *Idless* fancied in her dreaming mood *Idleness*
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley wended out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ,
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard *hight*) *called*
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night ;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed ; and to his lute of cruel fate
And labour harsh complained. lamenting man's estate

EDWARD YOUNG 1681-1765

Edward Young, the son of an English clergyman, was educated at Winchester School and at All Souls' College, Oxford. In' 1712 he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and, when upwards of fifty, he entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Young's works are numerous, but the best of them are his *Night Thoughts*, a satire on *The Universal Passion—The Love of Fame*, and the tragedy of *Revenge*

FROM THE NIGHT THOUGHTS

APOSTROPHE TO NIGHT

These thoughts, O night ! are thine ;
 From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So Cynthia poets feign
 In shadows veiled, soft sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheered ; of her enamoured less,
 Than I of thee —And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?
 Immortal silence ! where shall I begin ?
 Where end ? Or how steal music from the spheres,
 To soothe their goddess ?

O majestic night !
 Nature's great ancestor ! day's elder-born !
 And fated to survive the transient sun !
 By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe !
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist, clouds, in heaven's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form ; and heaven throughout,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
 Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,
 Inspiring aspect !) claim a grateful verse ;
 And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account ?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid !
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door ;
Insidious Death ; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth ;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
'I've lost a day'—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome ? say, rather, lord of human race .
He spoke as if deputed by mankind

So should all speak ; so reason speaks in all :
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess ?
Time, the supreme !—Time is eternity ;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.

MARK AKENSIDE: 1721-1770.

Akenside, a physician at Northampton, and afterwards in London, is celebrated as the author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, a poem full of fine imagery, expressed in rich and musical language.

ADVANTAGES ARISING FROM A WELL-FORMED IMAGINATION

From *The Pleasures of Imagination*.

O blest of heaven ! whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the siren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm the enlivened soul ! What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life , though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys For him the spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds for him the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade

Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprieved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only : for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wout so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight · her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations ; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power ;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons . all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine . he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse , grow famihar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

WILLIAM COLLINS: 1721-1759.

Collins, the son of a tradesman in Chichester, was educated at Winchester College, and afterwards at Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1746 he published his *Odes*, which failed to attract attention. The poet sank under the disappointment, and became indolent and dissipated. A few years afterwards he fell into a state of nervous imbecility, which continued till his death. His chief poems are his *Odes*, *On the Passions*, *To Evening*, and *To Liberty*. Mr Southey has remarked, that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the *odes* of Collins, in the course of one generation, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language.

THE PASSIONS.

An Ode for Music.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound:
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds '—his grief beguiled ,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the song .
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair :

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose.
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe :
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered men ;
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
 his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
 And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul
 And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole :
 Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen
 Satyrs, and silvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

THOMAS GRAY: 1716–1771.

Gray, the son of a London scrivener, was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge. After a tour through France and Italy in company with Horace Walpole, son of the prime-minister, Gray settled at Cambridge, where he spent the greater part of his life in studious retirement. Gray's two great odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric¹ style and measure; his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, is the most popular of his poems, and his smaller pieces, the odes, *On Spring*, *To Adversity*, and *On Eton College*, are much admired.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A Pindaric Ode.

I.

Awake, Æolian² lyre! awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!¹
 From Helicon's harmonious springs³
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign.⁴
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour.
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar

¹ After the style of Pindar, the Greek lyric poet.

² Pindar styled his own poetry Æolian.

³ Helicon, a mountain in Boeotia, was celebrated by the ancient poets as the favourite seat of the Muses. Its springs, Aganippe and Hippocrene, were fabled to bestow inspiration.

⁴ Ceres was the goddess of agriculture.

* The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all its touches, are here described, its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible passion, when swollen and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.—Gray.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king¹
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye

† Thee the voice, the dance obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's² velvet green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
 On Cytherea's day,³
 With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures
 Frisking light in frolic measures ,
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ,
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow-melting strains their Queen's approach declare ,
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay ;
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love

¹ The eagle of Jupiter.

² Idalia, in Cyprus, a favourite retreat of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty.

³ The festival of Venus, who was called Cytherea from her having been produced from the foam of the sea, near the island Cythera

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul.—*Gray*

† Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.—*Gray.*

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate '
 The fond complaint, my Song ! disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse '
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 • He gives to range the dreary sky,
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's¹ march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

† In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

‡ Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,²
 Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,

¹ A name given to Apollo, the sun-god.

² Delphi, in Phocis, the seat of the oracle of Apollo, the god of poetry.

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.—*Gray*.

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations · its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it [See the Eise, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs]—*Gray*.

‡ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and

Fields, that cool Ilissus¹ laves,
 Or where Meander's² amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish ?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ·
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine,³ in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus⁴ for the Latian plains.⁵
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast

III

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling⁶ laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face · the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy '
 This can unlock the gates of Joy,
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

formed their taste there ; Spenser imitated the Italian writers ; Milton improved on them , but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.—*Gray.*

¹ One of the rivers of Athens.

² A river in Asia Minor remarkable for its windings.

³ The Muses, the goddesses of song.

⁴ A mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses

⁵ Italy.

⁶ Shakspeare.

THOMAS GRAY

Nor second He¹ that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy ;
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time :
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn
But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine ! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? though he inherent
Nor the pride nor ample pinnon
That the Theban eagle bear,*
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air .
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun .
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

¹ Milton.

* Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.—*Gray*.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH 1728-1774

Goldsmith the son of an Irish curate, was educated for the medical profession, and after struggling for some years with misfortune and poverty, settled in London as a writer. His chief poems are *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*; the former of which is a contemplative and descriptive piece of the highest merit, while the latter contains some of the happiest pictures of rural life and character in the English language. (For specimens of Goldsmith's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, p 127)

FROM *THE TRAVELLER*

SWISS LIFE.

Turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest
 Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal,
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed

FROM *THE DESERTED VILLAGE*

THE VILLAGE OF AUBURN.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain ;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed ,
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm !
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm ;
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill ;
 The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play ,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

THE VILLAGE ALE-HOUSE.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ;
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
 The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,

To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear :
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway .
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy ?

HUMOROUS EPITAPH ON EDMUND BURKE

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

WILLIAM FALCONER: 1732-1769.

Falconer, a Scotch sailor, is noted for *The Shipwreck*, a descriptive poem of singular merit. He went early to sea, and before he was eighteen years of age became second-mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in Greece, as described in his poem. *The Shipwreck* was dedicated to the Duke of York, who procured for the poet the appointment of midshipman in the navy. In 1769 he sailed as purser in a frigate bound for India, but the ship, after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, was never more heard of.

FROM *THE SHIPWRECK*

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near !
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath ! . . .

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound !
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels ;
So reels, convulsed with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges ; hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides

THOMAS CHATTERTON: 1752-1770.

Chatterton was the son of a schoolmaster in Bristol. He wrote a series of poems in the old English language, which, in his seventeenth year, he passed off upon some competent judges as the productions of a versifier of the fifteenth century, and which contained many passages of the highest poetical beauty. He afterwards sought employment as a writer in London, but being overtaken by pecuniary distress, he put an end to his life, 25th August 1770. 'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled him at the same age'

FROM *ELLA, A TRAGEDY*.

MORNING.

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
 From the red east he flitted with his train ;
 The Hours draw away the gate of Night,
 Her sable tapestry was rent in twain :
 The dancing streaks bedecked heaven's plain,
 And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
 Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
 Shining upon the bourn which standeth by ;
 The soldiers stood upon the hill's side,
 Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

SPRING.

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
 The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
 In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
 The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew ;
 The trees enleaved, into heaven straight,
 When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is brought
 The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
 The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
 Around the ale-stake¹ minstrels sing the song,
 Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine ,
 I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
 Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

¹ The sign-post of an ale-house.

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain
Why drooping seek the dark recess ?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah ! my breast is human still ;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals

JAMES BEATTIE: 1735-1803.

James Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, published in 1771 his celebrated poem, *The Minstrel*, which describes, in the Spenserian stanza, the progress of the imagination and feelings of a young village poet.

FROM *THE MINSTREL*.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

‘O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom ’
 The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,
 ‘Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom
 Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !
 Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?
 Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?
 For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
 And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

‘Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned ’
 Ah ! see th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
 Have all the solitary vale embrowned ;
 Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :
 And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
 Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away

‘Yet such the destiny of all on earth .
 So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
 O, smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span ’
 Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

' And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
 But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
 Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed ?
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

' Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
 No ! Heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign

MORNING

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side .
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnets' lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings :
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ,
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower



WILLIAM COWPER: 1731-1800

Cowper, the most popular poet of his generation, was educated for the law ; but, owing to some constitutional weaknesses, which occasionally affected his reason, he retired in the prime of life to reside with a private family in the country. His first volume of poems, containing *Table Talk*, *Truth*, *The Progress of Error*, and others, appeared in 1782 Three years later he published the famous ballad, *John Gilpin*, and his great poem entitled *The Task*, which were followed in 1791 by his translation of Homer in blank verse Cowper's poems are chiefly didactic, and are remarkable for the charming descriptions of rural scenery and domestic life which are mingled with his moral and religious reflections. (For specimens of Cowper's Letters see *Readings in English Prose*, page 151)

THE PLAY-PLACE OF EARLY DAYS.

From Tiocinium, or a Review of Schools.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed ;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat ;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say :
' Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away '
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same. . . .

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss ,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes :
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

FROM *THE TASK*.

RURAL SOUNDS. Book i.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
 Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night ; nor these alone whose notes
 Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

WINTER EVENING. Book iv.

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ,

No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings , no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake .
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom . buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ,
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Begule the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry . the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal ,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast ! a radish and an egg
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
 O evenings worthy of the gods ! exclaimed
 The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
 More to be prized and coveted than yours !
 As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

GOD IN NATURE. Book vi

There lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are His,
 That make so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them ; and the fairer forms
 That cultivation glories in are His
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year ;
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass
 And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
 Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next. . . .

One Spirit—His
 Who wore the platted thorns, with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower
 But shews some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
 Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
 The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
 Happy who walks with him ! whom what he finds
 Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand
 In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

GEORGE CRABBE: 1754-1832.

Crabbe, characterised by Byron as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was in early life a surgeon and apothecary at Aldborough, in Suffolk, but afterwards took clerical orders, and spent the greater part of his life in performing the duties of a country rector. His principal poems are *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Poems in Verse*, and *Tales of the Hall*.

ISAAC ASHFORD, A NOBLE PEASANT.

From *The Parish Register*

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene :
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed :
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved ;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none ;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ,
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed—
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find—
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few :
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride . .

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
 Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
 And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
 His strength departed, and his labour done ;
 When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
 But lost his wife and saw his children poor ;
 'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
 Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent. . . .

And so resigned he grew ,

Daily he placed the workhouse in his view !
 But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
 He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head ;
 No more that awful glance on playful wight
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight ;
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile ;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there :
 But he is blest, and I lament no more,
 A wise good man contented to be poor.

ROBERT BURNS. 1759-1796.

Robert Burns, the great lyric poet of Scotland, was the son of a small farmer in Ayrshire. In company with his brother, in 1781, he took a farm, which proved far from a prosperous undertaking. He then resolved to emigrate; and to assist in procuring the means of paying his passage, he published in 1786 a collection of poems, which he had begun to compose in his sixteenth year. The volume attracted attention, and his reputation soon spread, and the profits resulting from its sale enabled him to take a farm near Dumfries, where he settled in 1788. At this time he received an appointment in the Excise, but its duties interfering with the management of his farm, he gave up farming in 1791, and removed to Dumfries, where he lived dependent on his salary from the Excise, till his death in 1796. The principal poems of Burns are *Hallowe'en*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *The Jolly Beggars*, *The Twa Dogs*, *Tam o' Shanter*, and a collection of songs unequalled in our literature.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' *bickering* brattle! *hasty clatter*
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!¹

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, *whyles*, but thou mayst thieve; *sometimes*
 What then, poor beastie, thou maun live!

¹ The stick used for clearing away the clods from the plough.

A daimen icker in a thrave ¹
 'S a sma request :
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the *laive*, rest
 And never muss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 And naething now to *big* a new ane build
 O' foggage green,
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Bath *snell* and keen! sharp

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And *cozie* here, beneath the blast, comfortable
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed
 Out through thy cell

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or *hald*, without, hold
 To *thole* the winter's sleety dribble, endure
 And *cranreuch* could! hoar-frost

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
 Gang *aft a-gley*, go often wrong
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

¹ An occasional ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry *sugh* ; *noise*
 The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating *frae* the pleugh ; *from*
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', *stacher* thro' *stagger*
 To meet their dad, wi' *flichterin'* noise and glee. *fluttering*
 His wee bit *ingie*, blinking bonnily, *fire*
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The hisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary *kraugh* and care beguile, *anxiety*
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in, *by and by*
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some *ca'* the pleugh, some herd, some *tentie* rin { *drive*
 A *cannie* errand to a neibor town : { *diligently*
easy
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a *braw* new gown, *handsome*
 Or deposit her *sair-won* penny-fee, *hard-won wages*
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly *spiers*, *inquires*
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
 Each tells the *uncos* that he sees or hears ; *news*
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ; *makes*
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. . . .

The cheeifu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-bible*, ance his father's pride ; *hall*
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare ; *gray temples*
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He *vales* a portion with judicious care ; *selects*
 And 'Let us worship God !' he says, wi' solemn air

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ,
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps Dundee's¹ wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs,¹ worthy of the name ,
 Or noble Elgin¹ *beets* the heavenward flame, *feeds*
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ,
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ,
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abraham was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ,
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How His first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land .
 How he who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

¹ The names of Scottish psalm-tunes.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'¹
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere. . . .

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 • The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the hly fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God ;'
 And *certainly*, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand, a wall of fire, around their much-loved isle

¹ From Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

ROBERT BURNS.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward ')
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert :
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

BONNIE DOON.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou' ll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvè was true.

Thou' ll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ,
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And *ulka* bird sang o' its love :
And sae did I o' mine.

each

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvè *staw* the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me

stole

SAMUEL ROGERS: 1763-1855.

Samuel Rogers, a banker in London, was the author of several poems remarkable for classic and graceful beauty, clear and polished diction, and elaborate finish. The chief of these are *The Pleasures of Memory*, *The Voyage of Columbus*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*.

FROM *THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY*.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
 With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
 Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasured tales and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
 What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,
 Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
 The martin's old hereditary nest.
 Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !
 Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
 The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green !
 Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live !
 Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.

Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm ;
Thee would the Muse invoke '—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ,
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: 1770-1850.

Wordsworth, one of our greatest poets, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, and was educated at St John's College, Cambridge. He first appeared as a poet in 1793, when he published his *Descriptive Sketches* and *The Evening Walk*. His great work, *The Excursion*, appeared in 1814. *The Excursion*, which is only part of a larger work never completed, is one of the noblest philosophical poems in our language. Of Wordsworth's other poems, the chief are, *Lyrical Ballads*, *The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Peter Bell*, *The Waggoner*, and his *Sonnets*, which have never been surpassed. Wordsworth was appointed poet-laureate on the death of Southey in 1843. From the residence of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, near each other among the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, they have been termed 'The Lake Poets.'

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey,
on revisiting the banks of the Wye.

Five years have passed ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire
The hermit sits alone

Though absent long,

These forms of beauty have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye.
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration—feelings, too,
 Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
 As may have had no trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye !—thou wanderer through the woods—
 How often has my spirit turned to thee !
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again :

While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then—
The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by—
To me was all in all—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her , 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee : and in after-years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service . rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake

THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

From *The Excursion*. Book iv.

In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass, through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose :
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 A beardless youth,¹ who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment
 The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
 Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport .
 And hence, a beaming goddess² with her nymphs,
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave),

¹ Phœbus Apollo.

² Diana.

Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad.¹—Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Oreads¹ sporting visibly.
 The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom they wooed
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth,
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side ;
 And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard—
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
 Of gamesome deities ; or Pan himself,
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god !

LONDON AT SUNRISE.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

¹ *Naiads*, the nymphs of the springs ; *Oreads*, those of the mountains.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: 1772-1834.

Coleridge, the most original of modern poets, was born at Ottery St Mary, in Devonshire, and was educated at Christ's Hospital, London, and Jesus College, Cambridge. He began to publish verses in 1794, but, for some years afterwards, was engaged chiefly in political compositions. His principal poems are *Genevieve*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and his *Odes*.

FROM *KUBLA KHAN* A FRAGMENT.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree .
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !

His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !
 Riserest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought . entranced in prayer,
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my Heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale !
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,

Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base,
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP *From Christabel.*

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining;
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder
 A dreary sea now flows between.
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774-1843

Southey, the son of a linen-draper in Bristol, was educated at Westminster School, and Balliol College, Oxford. When only twenty-one years of age, he published a volume of poems, which contained a masterly epic, entitled *Joan of Arc*. After a few years spent in the study of the law, and a twelvemonth's residence in Portugal, Southey for a short time acted as secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland; and in 1803 retired to a sequestered villa near Keswick, in Cumberland, where he devoted himself to the life of a man of letters. He was made post-laureate in 1813. Southey's principal poems are *Thalaba the Destroyer*, an Arabian tale, *Madoc*, founded on a Welsh story; *The Curse of Kehama*, a tale of Hindu superstition—his greatest work; and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*. Southey is a poet of the first rank, but his chief poems have never attained extensive popularity, though many of his smaller pieces are general favourites. (For a specimen of Southey's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, page 186)

FROM THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

LOVE.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly, these passions of the earth
 They perish where they had their birth
 But Love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night.
 For all her sorrows, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight!

THE ENTRANCE TO PADALON.¹

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entered on their way.
But, far before the Car,
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismayed,
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamant rock
Which girt the World of Woe ; on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage ; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare, the light around them spread,
And lo ! the regions dread,
The World of Woe before them, opening wide.

There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame it seemed to be,
Sea without bound ;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.
A single rib of steel,
Keen as the edge of keenest scimitar,
Spanned this wide gulf of fire. The infernal Car
Rolled to the Gulf, and on its single wheel
Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of steel.
Red-quivering float the vapours overhead,
The fiery gulf beneath them spread,
Tosses its billowing blaze with rush and roar :
Steady and swift the self-moved Chariot went,
Winning the long ascent,
Then, downward rolling, gains the farther shore

¹ The Indian Hades.

FROM *THALABA THE DESTROYER*.

THE DESERT.

Still o'er the wilderness
Settled the moveless mist.
The timid antelope, that heard their steps,
Stood doubtful where to turn in that dim light ;
The ostrich, blindly hastening, met them full.
At night, again in hope,
Young Thalaba lay down ;
The morning came, and not one guiding ray
Through the thick mist was visible,
The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.
O for the vulture's scream,
Who haunts for prey the abode of humankind !
O for the plover's pleasant cry,
To tell of water near !
O for the camel-driver's song !
For now the water-skin grows light,
Though of the draught, more eagerly desired,
Imperious prudence took with sparing thirst.
Oft from the third night's broken sleep,
As in his dreams he heard
The sound of rushing winds,
Started the anxious youth, and looked abroad,
In vain ! for still the deadly calm endured.
Another day passed on :
The water-skin was drained ;
But then one hope arrived,
For there was motion in the air !
The sound of the wind arose anon,
That scattered the thick mist,
And lo ! at length the lovely face of heaven !

Alas !—a wretched scene
Was opened on their view.
They looked around, no wells were near,
No tent, no human aid !

Flat on the camel lay the water-skin,
 And their dumb servant difficultly now,
 Over hot sands and under the hot sun,
 Dragged on with patient pain.

But O the joy ! the blessed sight !

When in that burning waste the travellers
 Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers besprent
 Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields
 Of England, when amid the growing grass
 The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
 In the merry month of May !

O joy ! the travellers

Gaze on each other with hope-brightened eyes,
 For sure through that green meadow flows
 The living stream ! and lo ! their famished beast
 Sees the restoring sight !

Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden strength ;

He hurries on !—The herbs so fair to eye
 Were senna, and the gentian's blossom blue,
 And kindred plants, that with unwatered root
 Fed in the burning sand, whose bitter leaves
 Even frantic famine loathed.

In uncommunicating misery
 Silent they stood. At length Lobaba cried,
 'Son, we must slay the camel, or we die
 For lack of water ! thy young hand is firm—
 Draw forth the knife and pierce him !' . . .

The young man

Paused with reluctant pity : but he saw
 His comrade's red and painful countenance,
 And his own burning breath came short and quick,
 And at his feet the gasping beast
 Lies, overworn with want.

Then from his girdle Thalaba took the knife
 With stern compassion, and from side to side
 Across the camel's throat,

Drew deep the crooked blade.

Servant of man, that merciful deed
 For ever ends thy suffering : but what doom
 Waits thy deliverer ! 'Little will thy death

Avail us !' thought the youth,
As in the water-skin he poured
The camel's hoarded draught :
It gave a scant supply,
The poor allowance of one prudent day.

Son of Hodeirah, though thy steady soul
Despaired not, firm in faith,
Yet not the less did suffering nature feel
Her pangs and trials. Long their craving thirst
Struggled with fear, by fear itself inflamed ;
But drop by drop, that poor,
That last supply is drained !
Still the same burning sun ! no cloud in heaven !
The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist
Floats o'er the desert, with a show
Of distant waters, mocking their distress ! . . .

Whilst he spake, Lobaba's eye,
Full on the distance fixed,
Attended not his speech.
Its fearful meaning drew
The looks of Thalaba.
Columns of sand came moving on,
Red in the burning ray,
Like obelisks of fire,
They rushed before the driving wind,
Vain were all thoughts of flight !
They had not hoped escape,
Could they have backed the dromedary then,
Who in his rapid race
Gives to the tranquil air a drowning force.

High—high in heaven upcurled
The dreadful sand-spouts moved,
Swift as the whirlwind that impelled their way,
They rushed toward the travellers !
The old magician shrieked,
And lo ! the foremost bursts,
Before the whirlwind's force,
Scattering afar a burning shower of sand. . . .

When Thalaba from adoration rose,
The air was cool, the sky
With welcome clouds o'ercast,
Which soon came down in rain.
He lifted up his fevered face to heaven,
And bared his head, and stretched his hands
To that delightful shower,
And felt the coolness flow through every limb,
Freshening his powers of life.

FROM RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHES.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly-scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and O how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity the attenuated mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

THOMAS CAMPBELL: 1777-1844.

Campbell was a native of Glasgow, and received his education at the university of that city. In his twenty-second year he published his *Pleasures of Hope*, which immediately took its rank as one of the finest sentimental poems in the language. In 1803, Campbell settled in London, and adopted literature as a profession. Besides the *Pleasures of Hope*, Campbell's poems consist of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a Pennsylvanian tale, *Theodric*, a Swiss story, and a number of lyrical pieces, which are among the noblest in our literature.

FROM THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

A MOTHER WATCHING OVER HER SLEEPING INFANT.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
 'Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
 In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
 Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
 'And say, when summoned from the world and thee
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
 Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
 And think on all my love, and all my woe?'
 So speaks Affection, ere the infant eye
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply

But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
 A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
 Or lisps with holy look his evening-prayer,
 Or gazing, mutely pensive sits to hear
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
 How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
 At every artless tear, and every smile ;
 How glows the joyous parent to descry
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Unfading HOPE ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchanted prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun !
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
 While Nature hears, to terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
 The strafe is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

FROM GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

GERTRUDE'S HOME.

A valley from the river shore withdrawn
 Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
 Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn ;
 And waters to their resting-place serene
 Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene
 (A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves) ;
 So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
 Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
 To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
 Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream ;
 Both where at evening Alleghany views,
 Through ridges burning in her western beam,
 Lake after lake interminably gleam :
 And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
 Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;
 Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
 Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

But silent not that adverse eastern path.
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown ,
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far-distant town ;
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down .
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone) ;
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens coloured all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay tinted woods their massy foliage threw :
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din.
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles—ere yet its symphony begin.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND :

A NAVAL ODE.

Ye Mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

SIR WALTER SCOTT 1771-1832

Walter Scott, the son of a writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated for the bar, to which he was called in 1792. From 1796 to 1805, he published translations of several German ballads, and edited *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*. In 1805 appeared his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a Border story of the sixteenth century, which instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. It was followed in 1808 by his great poem, *Marmion*, a tale of Flodden field. In 1810 appeared *The Lady of the Lake*; in 1811, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, in 1813, *Rokeby*, a tale of the English civil wars of the seventeenth century, and in 1814, *The Lord of the Isles*, a Scottish story of the days of Bruce. Scott's popularity as a poet had begun to decline when in 1814 he issued the first of the long series of brilliant fictions known as *The Waverley Novels*, which appeared from 1814 to 1831. He was created a baronet in 1820. (For a specimen of Scott's prose see *Readings in English Prose*, p. 169.)

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN From *Marmion*

Even so it was ;—from Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watched them as they crossed
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.
 High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile,
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.
 By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
 Troop after troop are disappearing ;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,
 Upon the eastern bank you see
 Still pouring down the rocky den,
 Where flows the sullen Till,
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,
 In slow succession still,
 And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill. . .

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile ?
What checks the fiery soul of James ?
Why sits that champion of the Dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead ?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?—
O Douglas, for thy leading wand !
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—' Saint Andrew and our right !
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne !—
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain ;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill. . . .

' But see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'

And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close

They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;
 And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air . . .
Long looked the anxious squires , their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ,
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
 But nought distinct they see .
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ,
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly

[Evening fell on the deadly struggle, and the spectators were forced from
the agitating scene]

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

FROM *THE LADY OF THE LAKE*.

THE TROSACHS.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,

Where twined the path, in shadow hid
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain,
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement.
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-winds summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain ;
With boughs that quaked with every breath
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky ;

Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced ;
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, that empurpled bright,
Float amid the livelier light ;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an early world ;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven :
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

LORD BYRON: 1788-1824.

George Gordon Byron, son of Captain Byron, was born in London, and in his eleventh year succeeded his grand-uncle as Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow School, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807 his first volume of poetry appeared under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. It was fiercely assailed in *The Edinburgh Review*, and the young poet replied by his vigorous satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. After two years of foreign travel, he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which were followed by a series of eastern tales, *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, and *Lara*. Byron was now at the height of his reputation; he was the idol of the gay circles of London, and indulged in all their revelries and excesses. Revolting at this mode of life, he married, but, twelve months after, his wife felt herself obliged to withdraw from his society. The poet sought refuge from his miseries abroad, and during six years' residence on the continent, he produced *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Manfred*, a dramatic poem, *The Lament of Tasso*, the conclusion of *Childe Harold*, *Beppo*, a comic tale of Italian life, *Don Juan*, and a number of dramatic pieces. In 1823 Byron sailed for Greece, to aid in the struggle for its independence. He arrived in January 1824, but died a few months after. 'The greatness of Byron's genius is seen in *Childe Harold*—its tenderness, in the tales and smaller poems—its rich variety in *Don Juan*. A brighter garland few poets can hope to wear—yet it wants the unfading flowers of hope and virtue.'

FROM *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE*

WAR.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ,
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;

Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done :
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprov'd,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap't heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,

Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

FROM *THE GIAOUR*.

GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore ;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth '

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this !
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They, too, will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb.
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

FROM *MANFRED*.

THE COLISEUM

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful !
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—Where the Cæsars dwelt
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

THOMAS MOORE: 1780-1852

Moore was a native of Dublin, and was educated at Dublin University. He came to London to study law, and in 1800 published his translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*. In 1803 he obtained a government appointment in Bermuda, but, after an absence of fourteen months, he returned to England, leaving his duties in the hands of a deputy. Moore's chief poems are, *Lalla Rookh*, a brilliant series of oriental tales, abounding with gorgeous descriptions of eastern scenery, *The Loves of the Angels*, *The Twopenny Post-bag*, a political satire, and his *Songs* and *Irish Melodies*, which are the most popular of his works.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame !

PARADISE AND THE PERI. From *Lalla Rookh*.

One morn a *Peri* at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
 And as she listened to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,

fairy

She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !
 'How happy,' exclaimed this child of air,
 'Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven outblossoms them all '
 Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall ;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—oh ! 'tis only the Blest can say
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them all '

'Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall .
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all '

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
 And, as he nearer drew and listened
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise !
 'Nymph of a fair but erring line ' '
 Gently he said—'One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
 Who brings to this Eternal gate
 The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*
 Go seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in !'

Cheered by this hope she bends her thither ;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither ;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems :—
And, near the boy, who tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire '
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
With blood of guests '—there written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(*As if the balmy evening time*
Softened his spirit), looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,

As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh, 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Ev'n haughty *Eblis* of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

Lucifer

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
'There was a time,' he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—'thou blessed child'
When young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee—but now'—
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow

Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

'There's a drop,' said the Peri, 'that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The Triumph of a soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

'Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won!

JAMES HOGG: 1770-1835.

James Hogg, 'the Ettrick Shepherd,' was born in the vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire. After some less successful attempts in verse, he produced in 1813 a group of tales, entitled *The Queen's Wake*, which established his reputation as one of the first Scottish poets. Hogg had previously taken a sheep-farm, which proved a disastrous speculation. He now leased a large farm from the Duke of Buccleuch, but, this also proving unsuccessful, he henceforth devoted himself to literary labours. His works both in poetry and prose are very numerous; but *The Queen's Wake* and his *Songs* are the most popular of his productions.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

KILMENY. From *The Queen's Wake*.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay ;
 But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep ;
 She *kend nae mair*, nor opened her e'e, *knew no more*
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie,
 She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life. . . .

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day ,
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade ;
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by ;
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn. . . .

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . .
 With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
 When seven lang years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm and hope was dead,
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in a *gloamin* Kilmeny came hame ! *evening*
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her e'e ;

Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there ;
 And the soft desire of maiden's ean,
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;
 And her voice like the distant melodye,
 That floats along the twilight sea.
 But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
 And keepest afar frae the haunts of men,
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
 The wolf played blithely round the field,
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion ;
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their *bughts* and faulds the tame, *pens*
 And *goved* around, charmed and amazed ; *stared*
 Even the dull cattle crooned¹ and gazed,
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
 The *corby* left her *houf* in the rock ; *raven, haunt*
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
 And the *tod*, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ; *fox*
 The hawk and the hern *attour* them hung, *over*
 And the *merl* and the mavis *forhooyed* their young ; *blackbird*
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled . *forsook*
 It was like an eve in a sinless world !

¹ Croon, to emit a murmuring sound.

JAMES MONTGOMERY: 1771-1854.

Montgomery, the most popular writer of religious poetry in the period, was the son of a Moravian missionary. He was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, and was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, Leeds. In 1791 he became a clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield, and shortly afterwards, with the aid of friends, he established the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly journal, which he conducted with marked ability up to 1825. Montgomery's larger poems are *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, *The West Indies*, *The World before the Flood*, *Greenland*, and *The Pelican Island*.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where asleep
The joys of other years :

Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease :
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine !

THE ICE BLINK. *From Greenland.*

Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land ;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the Arctic Cyclades ;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent ;
O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink rears its undulated head,
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind ,
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky ;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time :
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust ; mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps ; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument ; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face ;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal-fires on its illumined crest ;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals ;
Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves,
To undermine it through a thousand caves ;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

JOHN WILSON: 1785-1854.

John Wilson, for many years Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was a native of Paisley. His poetical works consist of *The Isle of Palms*, *The City of the Plague*, and several smaller pieces. (For a specimen of Wilson's prose, see *Readings in English Prose*, p. 190)

FROM THE ISLE OF PALMS

Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,
 Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some magic urn,
 The silky gossamer that may not burn,
 Too wildly beautiful to bear a name
 And when the Ocean sends a breeze,
 To wake the music sleeping in the trees,
 Trees scarce they seem to be ; for many a flower,
 Radiant as dew, or ruby polished bright,
 Glances on every spray, that bending light
 Around the stem, in variegated bows,
 Appear like some awakened fountain-shower,
 That with the colour of the evening glows
 And towering o'er these beauteous woods,
 Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,
 Breaking with solemn gray the tremulous green,
 And frowning far in castellated pride ;
 While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods
 Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,
 Softening the beauty that it could not hide.
 Lo ! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,
 Checkering the clouds with their unbending stems.
 And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies,
 Lifting their rich unfading diadems
 How calm and placidly they rest
 Upon the Heaven's indulgent breast,
 As if their branches never breeze had known !
 Light bathes them aye in glancing showers,
 And Silence mid their lofty bowers
 Sits on her moveless throne. . . .

All things are here
 Delightful to the eye and ear,
 And fragrance pure as light floats all around.

But if they look—those mystic gleams,
The glory we adore in dreams,
May here in truth be found.
Fronting the bower, eternal woods,
Darkening the mountain solitudes,
With awe the soul oppress :
There dwells, with shadowy glories crowned
Rejoicing in the gloom profound,
The Spirit of the Wilderness.
Lo ! stretching inward on the right,
A winding vale eludes the sight,
But where it dies the happy soul must dream
Oh ! never sure beneath the sun,
Along such lovely banks did run
So musical a stream.
But who shall dare in thought to paint
Yon fairy water-fall ?
Still moistened by the misty showers,
From fiery-red, to yellow soft and faint,
Fantastic bands of fearless flowers
Sport o'er the rocky wall ;
And ever, through the shrouding spray,
Whose diamonds glance as bright as they,
Float birds of graceful form, and gorgeous plumes,
Or dazzling white as snow ;
While, as the passing sun illumines
The river's bed, in silent pride
Spanning the cataract roaring wide,
Unnumbered rainbows glow.

But turn around, if thou hast power
To leave a scene so fair,
And looking left-wards from the bower,
What glory meets thee there !
For lo ! the heaven-encircled Sea
Outspreads his dazzling pageantry,
As if the whole creation were his own,
And the Isle, on which thy feet now stand,
In beauty rose at his command,
And for his joy alone.

LEIGH HUNT: 1784-1859

Leigh Hunt first attracted notice by his contributions to *The Examiner*, a newspaper started by his brother, and of which he afterwards became joint editor and proprietor. His chief poems are *The Feast of the Poets*, *The Story of Rimini*, a tale of early Italian life, *A Legend of Florence*, and *The Palfrey*. Hunt also wrote various essays in prose, containing fine sketches both of town and country life.

FROM *RIMINI*.

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green ;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And there's a crystal clearness all about ;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out ;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees ;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil ;
 And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
 'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing .
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
 Like joyful hands, come up with scatter light,
 Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay

FUNERAL OF THE LOVERS.

The days were then at close of autumn—still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill ;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad ;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who from reverence kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come ;
And hour on hour went by, and nought was heard
But some chance horseman or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper-hour ; and then 'twas said
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read ;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground
Still, nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near ;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave under a tree ;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground : and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: 1792-1822.

Shelley, the eldest son of a baronet in Sussex, studied at Eton School and at Oxford University, but was expelled from the latter on account of his atheistical opinions. In 1811 he contracted an imprudent marriage; and, three years afterwards, he deserted his wife and went abroad. Shortly after his return, his wife committed suicide, and Shelley married again a few weeks afterwards. A Chancery decree having deprived him of the guardianship of his children on the ground of his immorality and atheism, Shelley found himself miserable in England, and in 1818 retired to Italy. In 1822, he was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia. Shelley's principal poems are *Queen Mab*, written at the age of sixteen, *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*; *The Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, a classic drama; and *The Cenci*, a tragedy. The greater part of his poetry is invested with a mystical grandeur, which recommends it to the more enthusiastic lovers of verse, but disqualifies it from giving general pleasure.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under ;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder.
 It struggles and howls at fits ;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves, remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a root,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
 The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I rise and unbuild it again.

FROM *ALASTOR, OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE*

FOREST SCENERY.

The noonday sun
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
 A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
 Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks,
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as, led

By love, or dream, or god, or mightier death,
He sought in nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang,
Tremulous and pale Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks ; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union ; the woven leaves
Make net-work of the dark-blue light of day
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
Silence and twilight here, twin sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half seen ; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above ;
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms ;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon

JOHN KEATS: 1796-1821.

Keats, one of the greatest of young poets, was educated as a surgeon's apprentice. In 1817 he published a volume of poems, the most of which had been written before he attained the age of twenty. In the following year he published *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*, and in 1820 *Lamia, Isabella, Hyperion, The Eve of St Agnes*, and other poems.

SATURN AND THEA. From *Hyperion*.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair ;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went
 No further than to where his feet had strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old red hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a goddess of the infant world ;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height : she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck ;
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.¹

¹ Ixion, having offended Jupiter, was hurled into the lower regions, where he was bound to a wheel that perpetually kept turning round.

Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx.
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face !
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self !
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, labouring up
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain ;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone :
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents—O ! how frail.
To that large utterance of the early gods !—
' Saturn, look up ! though wherefore, poor old king ?
I cannot say : " O wherefore sleepest thou ?"
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god ;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed ; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ,
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time ! O moments big as years !
All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on ! O, thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep.'

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ,
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

FELICIA HEMANS: 1793-1835.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, who, having met with reverses in business, removed with his family to Wales. She published her first volume of poems at the early age of fifteen. In her eighteenth year she was married to Captain Hemans, from whom she was separated six years afterwards. Mrs Hemans spent the rest of her life in Wales and in Dublin, where she died, leaving a young family. Her larger works are *The Sceptic*, *The Vespers of Palermo*, a tragedy, *The Forest Sanctuary*, and *Records of Woman*; but her lyrics are the most popular of her productions.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.¹

What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—
 Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play.
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest—
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave.

¹ This and the following extract are made by permission of Messrs Blackwood and Sons.

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown :
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!--
 Restore the dead, thou sea !

THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land—
 Light up the beacon pyre !
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—
 And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth ;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side ;
 E'en, for the marriage altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread !—
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

FITZGREENE HALLECK: 1795-1867.

Halleck, a native of Guildford, Connecticut, resided some time in New York, engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1821 he published *Fanny*, a satirical poem, and in 1827 a volume containing *Marco Bozzaris*, and other poems.

MARCO BOZZARIS

[Bozzaris was a Greek patriot who distinguished himself in the War of Independence. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power
 At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Sulhote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood
 There had the glad earth drank their blood
 On old Plataea's day ;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.
 An hour passed on, the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek :
 'To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !'
 He woke to die, 'midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 Like forest-pines before the blast,
 Or lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 'Strike, till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike for your altars and your fires,
 Strike for the green graves of your sires,
 God, and your native land !'

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime ;
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb ;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ,
Of thee her babe's first lispings tells ,
For thine her evening-prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys ;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: 1794-1878.

Bryant, the most popular of the American poets, was a native of Massachusetts. In his fourteenth year he published a political satire, which was highly successful. After practising at the bar for several years, he removed in 1825 to New York, where he became editor of *The Evening Post*. His works consist of *Thanatopsis*, or Thoughts on Death, *The Ages*, a survey of the experience of mankind, and various smaller poems

FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father ! thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow

Whose birth was on their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till at last they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark—
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings shew
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
 That run along the summit of these trees
 In music ;—thou art in the cooler breath
 That from the inmost darkness of the place
 Comes, scarcely felt ;—the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship '—Nature here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around
 From perch to perch the solitary bird
 Passes ; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections Grandeur, strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
 Almost annihilated—not a prince
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his feet
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation from the indwelling life,
 A visible token of the upholding love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on

In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end

But let *me* often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God ! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.



ALFRED TENNYSON · 1810-1892.

Tennyson, the greatest of our living poets, became poet-laureate on the death of Wordsworth in 1850. He is the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830, and a second in 1833. These were reprinted, with alterations and additions, in 1842. His larger works are *The Princess*, a *Medley*, *In Memoriam*, a series of beautiful elegiac poems on the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, *Maud*; *Idylls of the King*, and *Enoch Arden*.

FROM *THE DYING SWAN*¹

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,

¹ The extracts from Mr Tennyson's poems are made by permission of Mr Tennyson.

Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
 Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,
 With a music strange and manifold,
 Flowed forth on a carol free and bold ;
 As when a mighty people rejoice
 With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
 And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
 Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
 To the shepherd who watcheth the evening-star
 And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
 And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
 And the wavy swell of the souging reeds,
 And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
 And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
 The desolate creeks and pools among,
 Were flooded over with eddying song.

FROM LOCKSLEY HALL.

VISION OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ,
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly
 dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
 storm ;
 Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were
 furled
 In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
 There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law

FROM *IN MEMORIAM*.

THE DIRGE OF THE OLD YEAR.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light .
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ROBERT BROWNING 1812-1889.

Robert Browning has the reputation of being one of the most original, and at the same time one of the most unpopular poets of the present day. He was educated at the London University. His chief poems are the drama of *Paracelsus*, *Pippa Passes*, *Men and Women*, and his *Dramatic Lyrics*

FROM DRAMATIC LYRICS.¹

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower—
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

¹ The extracts from the poems of Mr and Mrs Browning are made by permission of Messrs Chapman and Hall.

THE GRAPE-HARVEST. *From The Englishman in Italy.*

In the vat, half-way up in our house-side,
 Like blood the juice spins,
 While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
 Till breathless he grins
 Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
 To keep the grapes under,
 Since still when he seems all but master,
 In pours the fresh plunder
 From girls who keep coming and going
 With basket on shoulder,
 And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
 Your girls that are older—
 For under the hedges of aloe,
 And where, on its bed
 Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple
 Lies pulpy and red,
 All the young ones are kneeling and filling
 Their laps with the snails
 Tempted out by this first rainy weather—
 Your best of regales,
 As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
 When, supping in state,
 We shall feast our grape-gleaners (two dozen,
 Three over one plate)
 With lasagne¹ so tempting to swallow
 In slippery ropes,
 And gourds fried in great purple slices,
 That colour of popes.
 Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought you—
 The rain-water slips
 O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
 Which the wasp to your lips
 Still follows with fretful persistence—
 Nay, taste, while awake,
 This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,
 That peels, flake by flake,
 Like an onion's, each smoother and whiter.

¹ Vermicelli.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1809?-1861.

E. B. Browning, England's greatest poetess, was born in London. From her seventeenth year, notwithstanding ill health and other afflictions, she poured forth volume after volume of beautiful and impressive poetry. In 1846 she became the wife of the poet Robert Browning. Her chief poems are *The Seraphim*, *A Vision of Poets*, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *Casa Guidi Windows*, *Aurora Leigh*, *Poems before Congress*, &c., but her *Sonnets* and smaller poems are the most popular of her productions.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And that cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
 The young birds are chirping in the nest;
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free

For oh, say the children, we are weary,
 And we cannot run or leap.
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
 To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go,
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
 Through the coal-dark underground—
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.

For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
 Their wind comes in our faces—
 Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places.

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
 Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall,
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.

And, all day, the iron wheels are droning ;

And sometimes we could pray,

‘O ye wheels’—breaking out in a mad moaning—

‘Stop ! be silent for to-day !’

Ay ! be silent ! let them hear each other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth !

Let them touch each other’s hands, in a fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth !

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion

Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.

Let them prove their inward souls against the notion

That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,

Grinding life down from its mark ;

And the children’s souls, which God is calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

LOVE. From *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

I thought once how Theocritus¹ had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
 Who each one, in a gracious hand, appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old and young ;
 And as I mused it, in his antique tongue,
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was ’ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove :
 ‘Guess now who holds thee ?’ ‘Death !’ I said. But there
 The silver answer rang : ‘Not Death, but Love.’

¹ A celebrated Greek idyllic poet.

LORD MACAULAY. 1800-1859.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the celebrated historian, gained a high reputation as a poet by his magnificent historical ballads, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*; *Ivry, a Song of the Huguenots*; and *The Armada, a Fragment*. Macaulay entered the House of Commons in 1830, from 1834 to 1838 he served as a member of the Supreme Council in India; in 1840 he became Secretary at War, and was raised to the peerage in 1857. (For a specimen of his *History of England*, see *Readings in English Prose*, page 212)

IVRY, A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.¹

[The Huguenots was the name given to the Protestant party in France in the sixteenth century. They were cruelly persecuted by the Catholics under the Duke of Guise, and on the eve of St Bartholomew's Day (September 5), 1572, many thousands of them were massacred. Henry de Bourbon, king of Navarre, one of the Huguenots who had escaped the massacre, now headed the Protestants, the Catholics, under Guise, having meanwhile formed themselves into a *League* for the extirpation of the heretics. On the death of the French king in 1589, Henry of Navarre became sovereign of France, but the Catholics opposed his claims, and an arduous struggle ensued between the two parties. At length, in 1590, the forces of the League under the Duke of Mayenne were completely defeated at the village of Ivry, a few miles from Paris, and Henry afterwards became king.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of
 France !
 And thou, Rochelle,² our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

¹ By permission of Messrs Longman.

² Rochelle was considered the Protestant capital.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine,¹ the curses of our land ;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand .
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's² hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest ;
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our lord the King.
 ' And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,³
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance !
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his
 rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.

¹ The Guises belonged to the ducal family of Lorraine.

² Coligni, Admiral of France, perished in the massacre of St Bartholomew.

³ The battle-field.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 'Remember St Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe:
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
 But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
 And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church
 such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of
 war,
 Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
 souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve,¹ keep watch and ward to-night.
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

¹ St Genevieve is the patron saint of Paris.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN: 1813-1865.

W. E. Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, published in 1849 his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, which established his reputation as a poet of the school of Sir Walter Scott. His other poems are *Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy*, *Bothwell*, a tale of the days of Mary Queen of Scots; and *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*, a series of burlesque poems and parodies written in conjunction with Sir Theodore Martin.

FROM THE LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.¹

From THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDKE.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
 Yester-morn our army lay
 Slowly rose the mist in columns
 From the river's broken way ;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
 And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together
 From their lair amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 As we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true ;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering-cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
 And we swore to do or die !
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
 And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe .
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer,
 When they scent the stately deer
 From the dark defile emerging,
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck of drum ;

¹ By permission of Messrs Blackwood and Sons.

Through the scattered wood of birches,
 O'er the broken ground and heath,
 Wound the long battalion slowly,
 Till they gained the field beneath ;
 Then we bounded from our covert
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,
 When they saw the rugged mountain
 Start to life with armed men '

Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel '

Vainly sped the withering volley
 Amongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand
 Horse and man went down like drift-wood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done '

And the evening-star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer ;
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme !

EDGAR ALLAN POE: 1811-1849

Poe, a native of Baltimore, United States, was left destitute when a child by the death of his parents, but was adopted and educated by Mr Allan, a Virginian planter. All attempts to settle him respectably in life failed, on account of his recklessness and intemperance. He was expelled from college. He enlisted in the army, but soon deserted. After a life of debauchery, varied by occasional labours for periodical works, he died in a hospital at Baltimore

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door,
‘Tis some visitor,’ I muttered, ‘tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more.’

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
This it is, and nothing more.’

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
‘Sir,’ said I, ‘or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you’—here I opened wide the
door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
 fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
 ‘Lenore!’
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
 ‘Lenore!’—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before
 Surely,’ said I—‘surely that is something at my window lattice ;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.’

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—

Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 ‘ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,’ I said, ‘ art sure no
 craven,
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly
 shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian shore !’

Quoth the Raven, ‘ Nevermore.’

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
 plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,

With such a name as ‘ Nevermore.’

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered : ‘ Other friends have flown
before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.’

Then the bird said : ‘ Never more.’

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
‘ Doubtless,’ said I, ‘ what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,

Of “ Never—never more ”’

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and
door ,

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking ‘ Never more.’

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er

She shall press, ah, never more !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer

Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
‘ Wretch !’ I cried, ‘ thy god hath lent thee—by these angels *he*
hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, O quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !’

Quoth the Raven : ‘ Never more !’

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!

Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or
devil'

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,¹
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore?'

Quoth the Raven 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked,
upstarting—

'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian
shore'

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!'

Quoth the Raven 'Never more.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor,

Shall be lifted—never more!

¹ A disguised form of the Arabic spelling of Eden or Paradise

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: 1807—1882.

Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is one of the most popular of the American poets. His chief poems are, *Voices of the Night*, *Evangeline*, *The Golden Legend*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

FROM *EVANGELINE*.

THE ACADIAN VILLAGE, THE HOME OF EVANGELINE.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the
Henries.

Thatched were the roofs with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the
sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of
the maidens

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest ; and the children
Pause in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows.

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters.
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the
oak leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of
her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her
Missal,

Wearing her Norman-cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Further down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-
grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and
 the farmyard.
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and
 the harrows ;
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered
 seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
 There, too, the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
 Murmuring ever of love ; while above, in the variant breezes,
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.
 Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things—each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end ;
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less ;
 The revel of the giddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess.

The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than truth,
 The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth '

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will !

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain !

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last,
'To something nobler we attain.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: 1819—1891.

Lowell, a popular American poet, is a native of Boston. He was educated at Harvard College, and devoted himself to legal studies, but does not seem ever to have practised. He afterwards became one of the editors of *The North American Review*. His works consist of three volumes of miscellaneous poems and *The Biglow Papers*, a series of satirical political poems, racy with Yankee humour and dialect.

A DAY IN JUNE.

- Oh ! what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays .
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, grasping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf or blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;
 His mate feels the egg beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ,
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell.

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
That the breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark ' how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how :
Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving ;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
 'Tis the natural way of living :
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache .
The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow

SYDNEY DOBELL: 1824—1874.

Sydney Dobell spent the greater part of his youth in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where his father was engaged in business as a wine-merchant. In his intervals of leisure from his duties in his father's counting-house, Dobell wrote *The Roman*, a dramatic poem, published in 1850. His subsequent poems are, *Balder*, *Sonnets on the War* (1855), written in conjunction with Mr Alexander Smith, and *England in Time of War*.

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME. From *The Roman*.¹

My wondering eyes
 O'ercharged with sense, in shuddering unbelief
 Unclose upon the lone inane expanse
 Of summer turf, from which the mouldering walls
 Shut not the sunshine ; like a green still lake
 Girt by decaying hills. Urging my gaze
 Round the tremendous circle, arch on arch,
 And pile on pile, that tired the travelled eye,
 I saw the yawning jaws and sightless sockets
 Gape to the heedless air. Like the death'shead
 Of buried empire. And the sun shone through them
 With calm avoidance that left them more dark,
 And pleased him with some small daisy's face
 Grass-grown. As though even from the carrion of gods
 The instinct of the living universe
 Held heaven and earth aloof All through the lorn
 Vacuity winds came and went, but stirred
 Only the flowers of yesterday. Upstood
 The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
 Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
 The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
 Of childhood and the dead From parapets
 Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
 More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
 Below from senatorial haunts and seats
 Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
 Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth

¹ By permission of Mr Dobell.

Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
 Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
 Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning.
 With calm prerogative the eternal pile
 Impassive shone with the unearthly light
 Of immortality. When conquering suns
 Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
 With thoughts of ages. like some mighty captive
 Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
 And lying, through the chant of Psalm and Creed
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses,
 Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
 Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest
 Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
 With conscious men of place rose tall and still,
 And bent with duty. Like some village children
 Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
 And with decorous care and reverent pity
 Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
 Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
 And everywhere he was begirt with years,
 And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
 Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour
 Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
 That none should mock the dead.

HOW'S MY BOY? *From England in Time of War.*¹

'Ho, Sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy—my boy?'
 'What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sailed he?'

'My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

¹ By permission of Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.

' You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

' How's my boy—my boy ?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no !
Sure his ship was the " Jolly Briton "—
' Speak low, woman, speak low !'
' And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town !
Why should I speak low, sailor ?'
' That good ship went down.'

' How's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how's my John ?'
' Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.'
' How's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him and no other !
How's my boy—my boy ?

ALEXANDER SMITH: 1830—1867.

Alexander Smith, a designer of patterns in a Glasgow warehouse, in 1853 issued a volume of *Poems*, the principal piece being a series of thirteen dramatic scenes, entitled *A Life Drama*. He soon after received the appointment of Secretary to the University of Edinburgh. He afterwards issued *City Poems*, *Edwin of Deira*, and several prose works, *Dreamthorp*, *A Summer in Skye*, and *Alfred Hagart's Household*.

THE RIVER CLYDE

From *A Boy's Poem* in *CITY POEMS*.¹

At length the stream
Broadened 'tween banks of daisies, and afar
The shadows flew upon the sunny hills ;
And down the river, 'gainst the pale-blue sky,
A town sat in its smoke. Look backward now !
Distance has stilled three hundred thousand hearts,
Drowned the loud roar of commerce, changed the proud
Metropolis which turns all things to gold,
To a thick vapour o'er which stands a staff
With smoky pennon streaming on the air.
Blotting the azure too, we floated on,
Leaving a long and weltering wake behind.
And now the grand and solitary hills
That never knew the toil and stress of man,
Dappled with sun and cloud, rose far away.
My heart stood up to greet the distant land
Within the hollows of whose mountains lochs
Moan in their restless sleep ; around whose peaks,
And craggy islands ever dim with rain,
The lonely eagle flies. The ample stream
Widened into a sea. The boundless day
Was full of sunshine and divinest light,

¹ This and the following extract are made by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.

And far above the region of the wind
The barred and rippled cirrus slept serene,
With combed and winnowed streaks of faintest cloud
Melting into the blue. A sudden veil
Of rain dimmed all ; and when the shade drew off,
Before us, out toward the mighty sun,
The firth was throbbing with glad flakes of light.
The mountains from their solitary pines
Ran down in bleating pastures to the sea ;
And round and round the yellow coasts I saw
Each curve and bend of the delightful shore
Hemmed with a line of villas white as foam.
Far off, the village smiled amid the light ;
And on the level sands, the merriest troops
Of children sported with the laughing waves,
The sunshine glancing on their naked limbs.
White cottages, half smothered in rose blooms,
Peeped at us as we passed. We reached the pier,
Whence girls in fluttering dresses, shady hats,
Smiled rosy welcome. An impatient roar
Of hasty steam ; from the broad paddles rushed
A flood of pale-green foam, that hissed and freathed
Ere it subsided in the quiet sea.
With a glad foot I leapt upon the shore,
And, as I went, the frank and lavish winds
Told me about the lilac's mass of bloom,
The slim laburnum showering golden tears,
The roses of the gardens where they played.

FROM A LIFE DRAMA.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun ! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes

ALEXANDER SMITH.

In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty ; and, when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past ;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers.



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